

No. 2188—Vol. 84

THE PENNY

MAY 2, 1903

# ILLUSTRATED PAPER

AND + ILLUSTRATED TIMES

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

London: Printed and Published at the Office, 198, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of London, by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., 198, Strand, aforesaid

## £50 FOR READING OUR NEW SERIAL STORY.

(See Page 281.)



THE DISASTER IN SOMALILAND: A FIGHT TO THE DEATH.

See "The Week's News."

**MARK YOUR LINEN**  
SECURITY AGAINST THEFT, LOSS OR MISTAKE BY USING

**JOHN BOND'S  
CRYSTAL PALACE  
Marking Ink.**

AS SUPPLIED TO THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLDS AWARDED 45 GOLD MEDALS  
AND GRAND DIPLOMAS FOR SUPERIOR EXCELLENCE. REFUSE ANY NOT BEARING THE  
TRADE MARK "CRYSTAL PALACE"

**REQUIRES NO HEATING.**  
FREE YOUR MONOGRAM OR NAME STAMP  
AND IMPROVED WRITING TABLET  
N.B. THE ORIGINAL REQUIRING HEAT SUPPLIED TO ORDER.  
SOLD BY STATIONERS, CHEMISTS, OR STORES ON POST FREE 6 OR 12 STAMPS  
75 SOUTHGATE ROAD, LONDON, N.

**ADVICE TO MOTHERS.**  
**MRS. WINSLOW'S  
SOOTHING SYRUP**  
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING.

Has been used over Fifty Years by Millions of Mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourselves and

Relief and Health to your Infants.  
Of all Chemists, 1s. 1½d. per bottle.

52 Pages, Richly Illustrated, and a 6d. Paper Pattern for 1d.



**GIVEN AWAY!**  
PAPER PATTERN OF THIS  
**DAINTY BLOUSE,**  
With PELELINE,  
is given away with Next Week's  
**"OUR HOME."**

On sale everywhere to-day, 1d. By post, 2d.  
Many fine Full-Page and Double-Page Fashion Illustrations, Stories, Fancy Work, Cookery, Social Chat (Illustrated), Interesting Articles, Useful Hints, Our At-Home, Real Lovers' Letters, etc., etc.

A VERY FINE NUMBER. BE SURE TO ORDER EARLY.  
"OUR HOME," 6, Essex Street, Strand, London.

**HINDE'S**

The late Lord Justice Chitty, on the application of Mr. Lewis Edmunds, Q.C., recently granted a perpetual injunction with costs, restraining a West End Draper from passing off spurious curlers and selling them as "Hinde's" Curlers. Evidence was given by a lady nurse, Mrs. Nobbs of Kensington, that she had suffered damage by such misrepresentation. Ladies are urged to note that no curlers or wavers are genuine "Hinde's" unless they bear the name "Hinde's" both on the article and on the box. The present illustrated hair renews Nos. 18, 19, 20, a necessity at any well-appointed toilet table, and ladies to whom these little appliances may be at present unknown will experience a revelation as to the ease and rapidity with which the day or evening coiffure can be completed. They are sold in 1/- boxes by every dealer in the three Kingdoms, or Sample Box may be had free by post for thirteen stamps from the proprietors, Hinde's Limited, Finsbury, London, E.C.

**HAIR**

**WAVERS**

**1000 BICYCLES  
FREE.**



To introduce "Volosci," the great hair-renewer, to 1000 more readers of this paper, we have decided to give away 1000 BICYCLES ABSOLUTELY FREE OF COST. These Bicycles are very handsome, excellent finish, and thoroughly reliable machines. If you want one write to us immediately. With your letter send us 1s. Postal Order, for which we will send you "Volosci," and the BICYCLE will be sent FREE.

our offer, on complying with which the BICYCLE will be sent FREE by RAIL or Goods Van. "Volosci" is invaluable for the growth of the moustache and the beard, a true hair-restorer, keeps the scalp clean and free from dandruff, scurf, &c. Our idea for giving away the BICYCLES FREE is that you may talk about "Volosci" to your friends, and recommend it to them wherever possible. The "VOLOSCI" Company (Dept. 127), 279, City Rd., London, E.C. Colonial Orders 1s. extra.



**A GUARANTEED CURE  
For ECZEMA and all SKIN ERUPTIONS.**

A victim, who was cured after five years' suffering, will send particulars of an inexpensive, guaranteed Cure on receipt of stamped addressed envelope—  
**B. H. PACIDERMA,**  
3, Swallow Street, Piccadilly, W.

**DEFECTIVE  
SIGHT**

Many people suffer from bad sight or films and specks. All such should send to STEPHEN GREEN, 210, Lambeth Road, London, for his little book "How to Preserve the Eyesight." This tells of SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT, a cure for all troubles of the eyes, eyelids and eyelashes, having 300 years' reputation as the best remedy. Supplied in ancient pedestal pots for 2/- each by all chemists and stores. Please note that it retains its healing virtues for years.

**To Correspondents.**

ALL Artistic and Literary Communications for this Journal should be addressed to "The Editor of THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER," 195, Strand, London, and should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

All communications referring to Advertisements, Subscriptions, or General Business, to be addressed to the Publishers of THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER, 195, Strand, London, W.C.



The "As-You-Were" Budget.

MR. RITCHIE has done remarkably well. He has inaugurated what I hope will be a long series of Peace Budgets with exemplary common-sense, startling some few papers that are not on recognition terms with that valuable mental commodity. Fourpence off the income-tax was more than the taxpayer expected, but not more

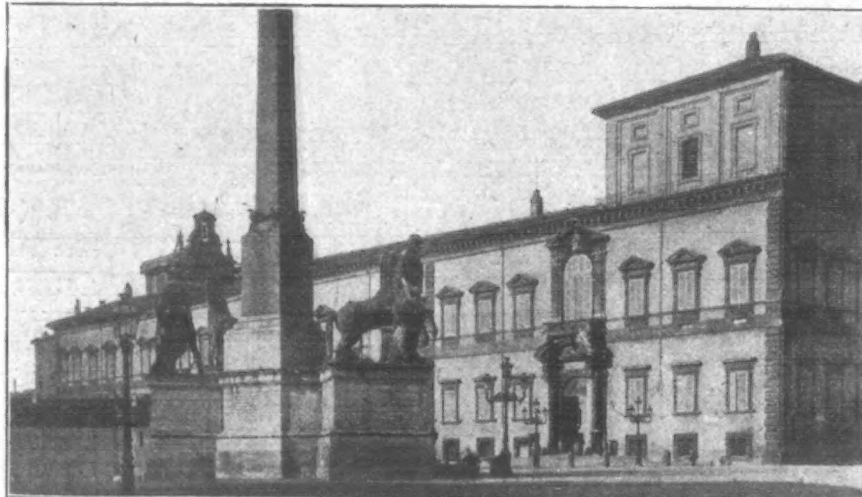


Photo. Bischoff.

WHERE KING EDWARD STAYED: THE KING OF ITALY'S PALACE AT ROME.

they should be relieved at the earliest opportunity. The corn tax and the increased tax on incomes were imposed to help pay for the

justice. Incidentally, the remission of the corn tax is another lid on the coffin of Protection, for which, ever since the tax was imposed, some few people have been asking.

After all, fourpence off the income-tax is only about half-way back to the state of things existing before the war. It was eightpence in the pound then, and most people (who had to pay it) thought it quite enough. Maybe Mr. Ritchie, in pursuance of his "as-you-were-before-the-war" policy, may further reduce it next year. Meanwhile, income-tax payers are grateful for the "fourpenny" mercy. In connection with the Budget, there has been a lot of talk about

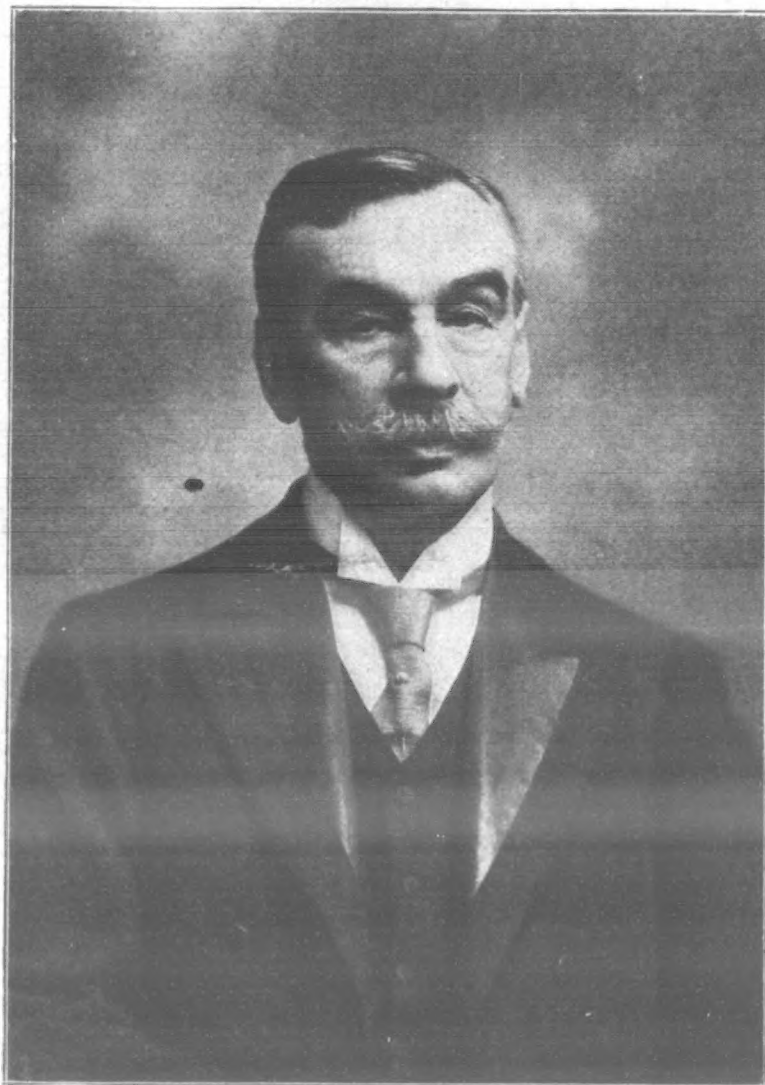


Photo. Russell and Sons.

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MR. RITCHIE,  
WHO AS CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER INTRODUCED HIS FIRST BUDGET LAST WEEK.

than he deserved. After all, the bulk of the financial war-burden was borne by the middle classes, and it is only right that

war, and in removing them at the first convenient moment, Mr. Ritchie has proved his ability to interpret the dictates of sound fiscal



Photo. Elliott and Fry

THE LATE COLONEL GARCIA,  
WHO DIED LAST WEEK.

direct and indirect taxation. To my mind, indirect taxation is to be preferred on all counts. It is easy to collect, for one thing. Then, too, it is easy (comparatively) to pay, being levied as it is in easy instalments in the form of part of the cost of dutiable articles. But the greatest advantage of all is that indirect taxation distributes in the widest possible manner the responsibilities of Empire and citizenship. A propensity for war on the part of any Ministry is best checked by the voices of those who have to pay the piper, and the more voices there are the more peaceful is the "tune" likely to be. The shadow of the "reckoning" is a great aid to prudence and discretion, while if a nation is in favour of going to war, there is

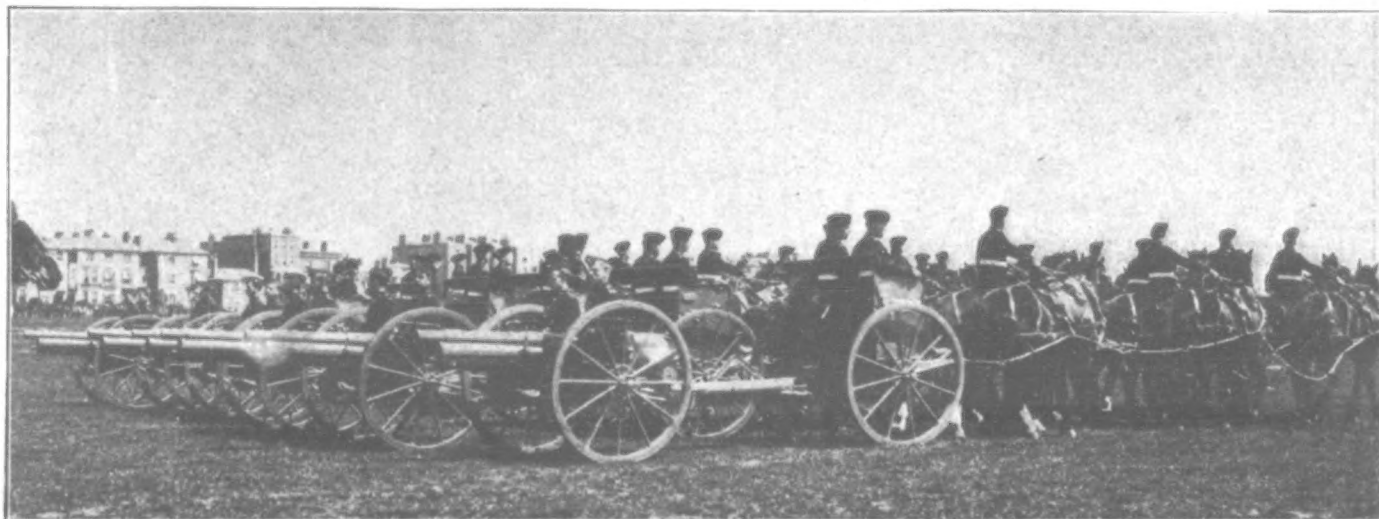


Photo. Crabb.

THE ROYAL FIELD ARTILLERY AT HILSEA, WHO WILL APPEAR IN THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON.

THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE NEW GERMAN GUN JUST INTRODUCED INTO THE BRITISH ARMY.

THE KING ON HIS YACHT AT MALTA.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH"



SOUTHGATE'S NEW PARK, WHICH WAS OPENED LAST SATURDAY.

THIS FINE PROPERTY WAS ACQUIRED FROM SIR RALPH LITTLER, K.C., BY THE SOUTHGATE URBAN COUNCIL AT A COST OF £25,250.

nothing more desirable than that each taxpayer should, to use a sporting phrase, back his opinion.

#### The Cry for Economy.

Coincident with the reduction in taxes comes a great cry for economy in the affairs of the nation. Mr. John Morley has made it his text, and lesser

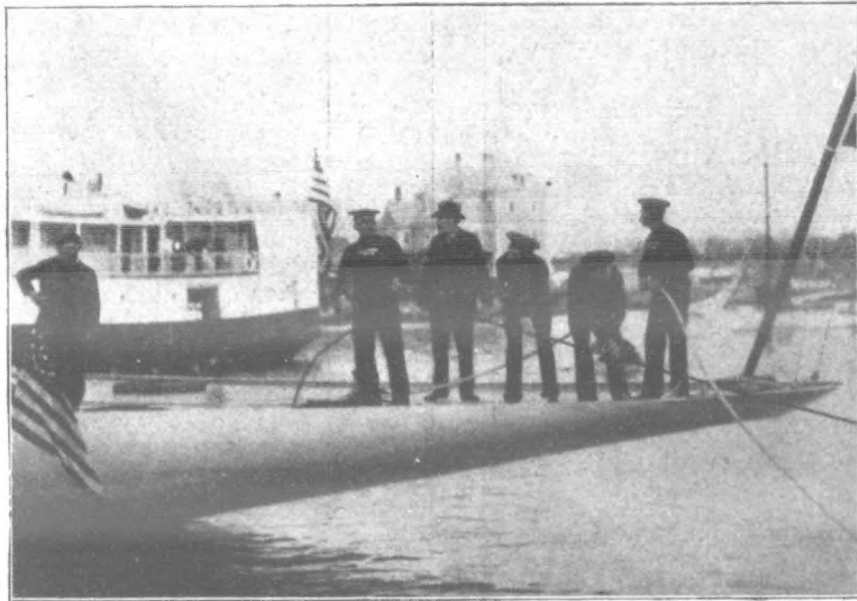
out-ranged. A succession of War Secretaries—a brilliant galaxy of cheese-parers, I have no doubt—had neglected to provide our artillerymen with weapons equal to those of the enemy, with disastrous results. We don't want a repetition of that sort of thing, do we? Economy is



Photo, G. E. Simms.

CAPTAIN WRINGE,  
WHO COMMANDS "SHAMROCK III."

men have echoed his words, as lesser men are always ready to do. "Honest John" cries out for "Peace, retrenchment, and reform." By all means. I'm a lover of peace; but there's Somaliland. Alongside the newspaper demands comes the lamentable news of a British disaster. How can we economise with things like that to face? Why, I remember—it is not so very long ago—how, at the outbreak of the Boer War, we found our guns were



Photo, Helsky.

THE YACHT-RACE: THE AMERICAN YACHT, "RELIANCE."

"NAT" HERBESHOFF, THE DESIGNER, IS STANDING BETWEEN THE SAILORS.

an excellent thing, second only to efficiency. The mistake some of us commit is in putting it first. Even now, with all its wicked ways, the War Office is trying to be economical. I heard some Yeomanry talking the other day about their mounts, and I gathered that they had but one horse between four men! There's an economical picture for you!

seamed faces of the adjudicators by recording his belief in a bold round hand that the conflagration was "Brock's Benefit."

The new competition (which starts on page 281) will bring more profit to readers, but it will hardly yield as much amusement to those who decide it as the one recently finished.

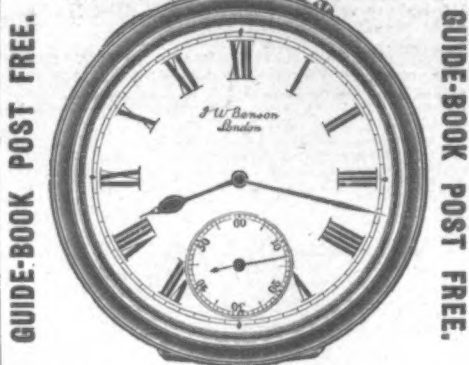
THE GOSSIP.

#### Competition Humours.

The adjudicators who undertook the arduous task of deciding our Picture History competition, the result of which we have pleasure in announcing in this number, found much relief in the humours which some of the lists presented. Many and various were the titles affixed to the test pictures, some betokening flights of imagination on the part of the competitors that would seem to qualify them for the profession of novelists. The Tichborne Trial picture, for example, was variously described as the trial of Jabez Balfour, of Dr. Krause, of Dr. Jim, of Charles Peace, and of Edwards, the Camberwell murderer. One Darlington gentleman, indeed, so far anticipated events as to describe it as the trial of Whitaker Wright. The portrait of Mr. Parnell in the witness-box puzzled not a few. By quite a number he was mistaken for Sir Michael Hicks Beach making his Budget speech. "Lord Rosebery as a young man" was another description. "De Wet denouncing Kruger," which was how a Cardiff competitor labelled the picture, was as puzzling to us as the drawing evidently was to him. But the quaintest reference to Mr. Parnell's portrait came from a Leicestershire reader, who described it as "Mr. — (the local mayor) presenting the prizes at the flower-show." The burning of Cetewayo's kraal called forth quite a variety of opinions. The bulk of readers took it to be a picture of some Boer farm in flames. A Sevenoaks reader, with a liking for history, boldly put the clock back and labelled it "The Great Fire of London"; while another, doubtless full of the joyful memories of a glorious night at the Crystal Palace, caused ripples of merriment to pass over the

## BENSON'S "BANK" WATCH.

Silver Cases, £5. 18-ct. Gold Cases, £15.



Best London Make, Silver, Crystal, Keyless. In Sterling Silver Crystal Glass Cases, £5 Cash; or in 18-ct. Gold Cases, £15 Cash.



GOLD CHAINS, £3 to £20.

SENT FREE, at our risk, to all parts of the World, for P.O.O., payable at G.P.O.

NOTE.—GUIDE-BOOK (260 pages) of WATCHES, Clocks, Chains, Rings (with Size Card), Cutlery, "Imperial" Plate, Fitted Bags, &c., post free.

Can be obtained on "The Times" System of Monthly Payments of £1 at same Cash Prices.

TO  
THE ARMY  
IN  
SOUTH  
AFRICA.

We send our big Illustrated BOOK FREE TO ALL who ask for it. We make no charge for postage on Watches and Jewellery to South Africa. We send AT OUR RISK, and guarantee SAFE DELIVERY. Money must be sent with order.

J. W. BENSON, LTD.,

STEAM FACTORY:

62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.



**GIVEN AWAY**

With this Week's

**HOME NOTES**

(No. 486)

**A PAPER PATTERN OF THIS GIRL'S SMOCKED BLOUSE**

10-12.

Of all Bookstalls and Newsagents.

**Price 1d.**

COUGHS! COUGHS!

## FENNINGS' LUNG HEALERS.

Of all Chemists and Grocers, 1/1½ and 2/9.

Read Fennings' "EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR." Sent post free for 13 stamps. Direct, A. FENNINGS, Cowes, I.W.

A LADY writes: "I think it is the most useful and interesting paper published, and the patterns are perfect."



**GIVEN AWAY**

WITH

**HOME LIFE**

MAGAZINE

(May Number), Price 1d.,

Pattern of this

**BLOUSE & BOLERO,**

And 100 Pairs of French Kid Gloves

Contents: Long Complete Story; Occupations for Women. Thrilling New Serial: "The Ashes of the Past"; Celebrities at Home. A Letter from Town; Entertaining Series: "The Adventure of a Girl Journalist"; Latest Fashions; Dressmaking Lesson. Cookery; Fancy Work; Children's Corner; New and Interesting Competitions, etc.

OF ALL NEWSAGENTS, 1d. POST FREE, 2d.

R. S. CARTWRIGHT, 8, Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.



Photo, Helsky.

THE LAUNCHING OF THE AMERICAN YACHT, "RELIANCE."

THE VISIT OF THE KING TO PARIS.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

## THE WEEK'S NEWS.

**ROYAL Plans and Movements.**—King Edward has been favoured with real King's weather during the week, the greater part of which has been spent in and about Naples. The King has made his headquarters on board the Royal yacht, where many distinguished visitors included the Queen of Portugal and her two sons. Lord Rosebery and the British Ambassador have been entertained. Frequent runs on shore to places of interest in the neighbourhood of Naples have varied the King's itinerary, and the people everywhere have accorded their august visitor the heartiest receptions. On April 29 His Majesty visited the Pope at the Vatican, His Eminence having sent a cordial invitation through Cardinal Rampolla. The visit was preceded by a grand review of troops and a luncheon at the British Embassy. May 1 witnesses the arrival of King Edward in France, where, despite the fulminations of a certain section of the so-called Patriotic Press, His Majesty is certain of an enthusiastic welcome. A squadron of French men-of-war has been ordered to salute the King on his arrival at Cherbourg, and a specially organised review at Vincennes is being arranged by the Minister of War. It is announced that President Loubet will visit England in July, and the King of Italy is expected to be in London during the same month. Queen Alexandra, who has been in Denmark since the end of March, returned to London last Friday. Her Majesty looked exceedingly well, and after a brief visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House on Saturday journeyed down to Sandringham for the week-end.

**Death of a Cabinet Minister.**—The Right Hon. R. W. Hanbury, President of the Board of Agriculture and a member of Mr. Balfour's first Cabinet, died at his London residence on Tuesday morning. The deceased gentleman, who was M.P. for Preston, travelled to town from his constituency a week ago and contracted an attack of influenza, which subsequently developed into pneumonia shortly afterwards. The right hon. gentleman, who was born in 1845, first entered Parliament as member for Tamworth in 1872.

**The Somali War.**—News was received during the week from Somaliland, via Berbera, that Colonel Cobbe, after repelling an attack from the forces of the Mullah, in which Captain Chichester was killed, determined to retire on Galadi. About the same date—April 17—Captain Olivey was also attacked, whereupon General Manning sent Colonel Plunkett to his assistance, but the two parties were attacked and overwhelmed by 12,000 of the enemy in a general charge, only 41 survivors escaping, and the gallant Colonel with most of his officers being cut down. As soon as General Manning heard of the disaster he ordered Major Kenna to march at once to the relief of Colonel Cobbe,



THE BLACKHEATH MURDER: P.C. COOPER, WHO WAS WOUNDED.

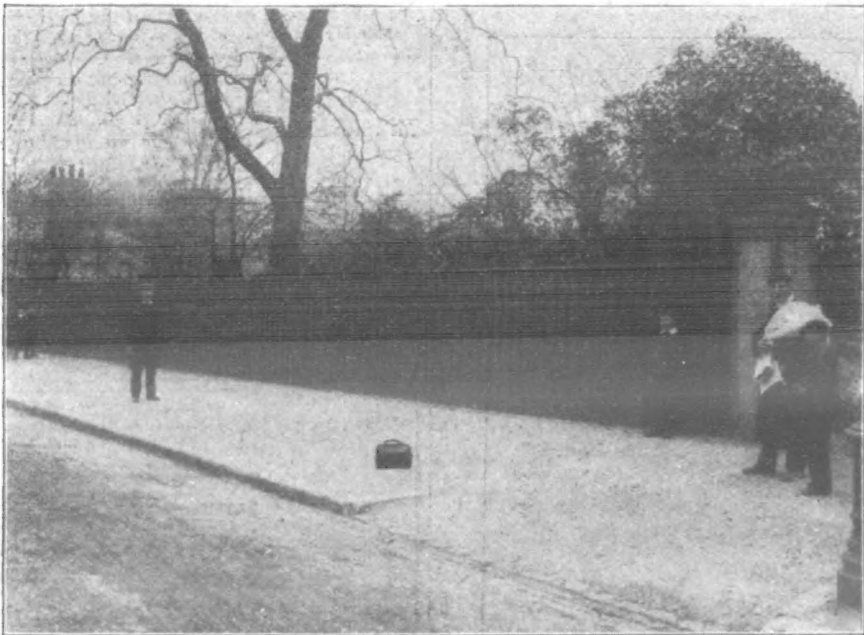
**Another Vanderbilt Wedding.**—In marked contrast to the ostentatious display which characterised the recent marriage of Mr. Reginald Vanderbilt at Newport (R.I.) was the wedding of Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt to Mrs. Rutherford, which took place at St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street, London, last Saturday. Only eight people were present, including the bride and bridegroom, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, Mr. Longfield Hoyt, and Mr. Henry White, First Secretary to the American Embassy. The bride wore no jewels, and carried a prayer-book in place of the customary bouquet. Mr. Hoyt acted as best man, and the Rev. Mr. Haddon officiated.

**The Blackheath Murder.**—Nearly six weeks have elapsed since P.C. Cooper was wounded by an unknown

murder of Booker and the attempted murder of Cooper. Inspector Fox, who gave evidence of arrest, said that when charged the prisoner replied, "I had been drinking; I saw a revolver at a woman's shop in Church Street, and went in to buy it, but the woman saw I was the worse for drink and refused to serve me. I then went across the road to a pawnbroker's and bought the one I did it with. I am sorry for the man and his children." Platell was then remanded in custody for a week.

**The Moat Mystery.**—The protracted hearing of the charge against Samuel Herbert Dougal of having forged and uttered a cheque purporting to bear the signature of Miss Camille C. Holland, formerly resident at the Moat Farm, Saffron Walden, continues to occupy the Essex magistrates. Very little interest attached to the

Robert Pilling, a financier, residing at the Savoy Hotel, ended at the North London Sessions this week in the acquittal of the three women who were charged with invading Mr. Pilling's apartment at midnight and annexing his property after he had escaped from the room in his night attire. Counsel described the scene, which has already been recorded in these columns, and stated that Mr. Pilling, a married man of great respectability, position, and property, frequently visited this country to transact business. While staying at the hotel he made the acquaintance of a Mrs. Ellis, who said she was the wife of a captain in the Russian Navy. She spoke of a relation of hers, Judge Andrews, and Mr. Pilling entrusted certain papers to her to hand to the Judge, who, he understood, had undertaken to recover for him £10,000 invested by his syndicate. He also gave Mrs. Ellis sums of money to cover



THE BLACKHEATH MURDER: WHERE THE AFFRAY TOOK PLACE.

THE BAG MARKS THE SPOT WHERE THE MURDERER TURNED UPON P.C. COOPER AND FIRED. P.C. COOPER OBLIGED THE "P.I.P." PHOTOGRAPHER BY STANDING ON THE SPOT WHERE HE WAS WHEN SHOT. THIS PICTURE SHOWS THE CONSTABLE IN PLAIN CLOTHES.

and himself followed immediately. Ultimately Colonel Cobbe was relieved, 2000 of the enemy being killed, and the whole British force returned to Galadi. Colonel Plunkett's defeat was brought about by strategy on the part of the Mullah, who drew the little force aside by false firing, and then attacked it from an ambush. King Edward, on learning of the disaster, was much affected, and remarked to those about him: "Poor Plunkett; I knew him well, and I am sure he died like a hero." The London Press is unanimous in demanding that the British force in Somaliland shall be at once and greatly reinforced.

assailant in Blackheath and a lighterman named Walter Booker, who gallantly went to the officer's assistance, was fatally injured by the same assailant. The police meantime scoured the country and made many arrests, but it was not until last week that they succeeded in laying hold of the man they wanted. Acting on information received, Chief-Inspector Fox, of Scotland Yard, visited Liverpool, and there arrested William Platell, twenty-six, an engineer, who was about to embark for America. Platell was brought before the Greenwich Magistrate last Saturday and charged with



THE BLACKHEATH MURDER: WILLIAM PLATELL,

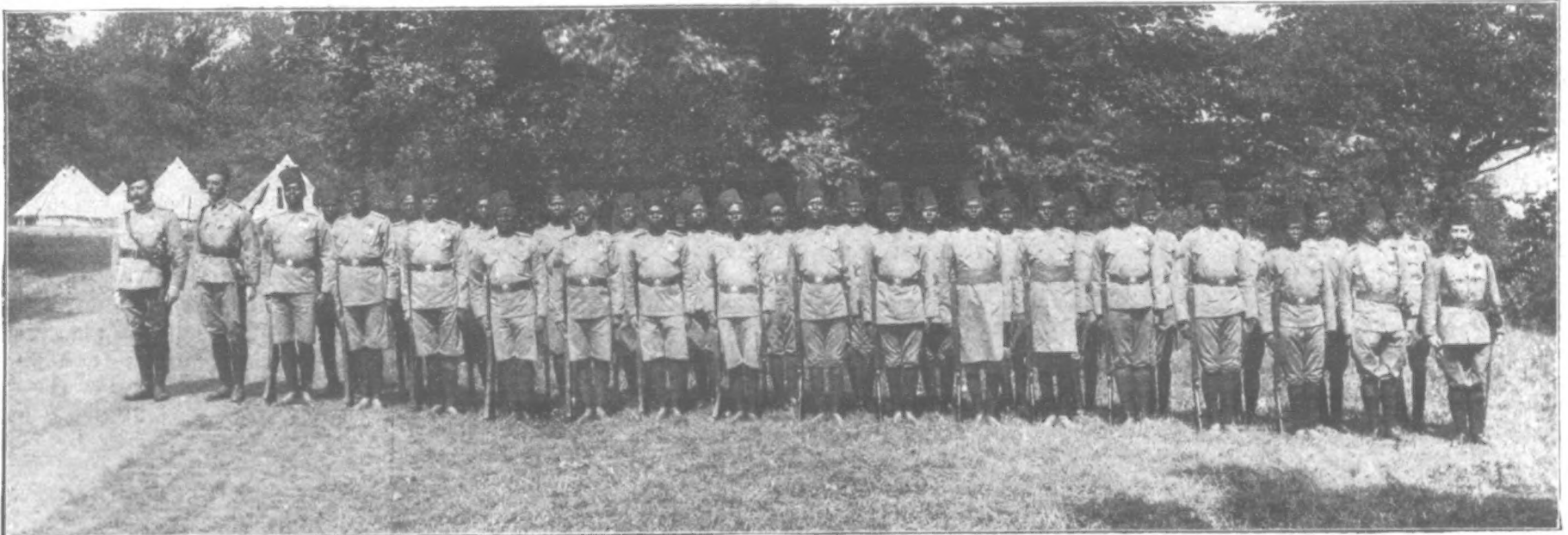
WHO IS CHARGED WITH THE MURDER OF WALTER BOOKER AND THE ATTEMPTED MURDER OF P.C. COOPER.

proceedings last week, and after technical evidence concerning Miss Holland's affairs had been given, Dougal was again remanded. The police, acting on the advice of the Treasury, gave orders for the whole of the immediate vicinity of Moat Farm to be dug up, and a large number of labourers were engaged on the work. On Monday their efforts resulted in a most sensational discovery. Behind an old barn in the farmyard and about twenty yards from the Moat House there was found buried the fully dressed body of a woman. The remains were in a state of advanced decomposition, and were removed with great care to an adjoining shelter, where, principally by means of the clothing, they have since been identified as those of the unhappy Miss Holland. An enormous amount of toil and patience have been expended in the search of the Moat Farm premises, more than five weeks' constant work having been performed before any result was attained. It may be mentioned as a curious coincidence that the remains were discovered exactly four years after the very day upon which Miss Holland entered into possession of the Moat Farm.

**The Financier and the Lady.**—The remarkable case arising out of the alleged theft of a purse containing £4 and two bills of the face-value of £1600 from Mr. John

expenses. Later, he thought he saw an intention to levy blackmail, and when the lady came to his room at midnight he declined to see her. In cross-examination Mr. Pilling said he had no receipt for the money advanced. He denied negotiating for a house in Park Lane for Mrs. Ellis, but admitted writing to her as "My dear," and signing the letters "With love, John." That, he explained, was owing to an arrangement suggested by Mrs. Ellis, who made it a condition that business should never be mentioned in correspondence. The prosecutor having further intimated that he had accompanied Mrs. Ellis to a theatre and dined with her alone, the jury stopped the case and formally acquitted the lady and her two friends, who had been jointly charged with complicity in the affair.

**Ramsgate Explosion.**—At Ramsgate the inquest, adjourned since last February, was resumed on William Henson, a young man well known in local football circles, who was killed by an explosion at his mother's house. Samuel Henson, father of the deceased lad, was present in court under the supervision of police officers, and in reply to the coroner said he did not wish to say anything just then, but would like to hear the evidence. Mrs. Jane Henson then described the affair. She said she lived



Photo, J. M. Cooke.

THE KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES: PART OF THE REGIMENT WHICH WAS CUT UP IN SOMALILAND LAST WEEK.

PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS—No. XLI.: MRS. RYLEY, AUTHOR OF "MICE AND MEN."—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

with her son and a lodge, having been separated from her husband for some time, and on Feb. 24 went home to find Henson waiting for her. He asked what arrangements could be made for him to return home, and they all went indoors. She told her husband she did not want him back, whereupon he produced a bag, which he opened, and dropped in a lighted match. She remembered no explosion, and could not say how she came by the injuries she received. Her husband was accustomed to work with explosives, but she did not recollect having seen him with a knife on the evening in question. A police-officer, who was watching at Henson's bedside while he was in hospital, deposed that on March 6 Henson said that he always had his wife's face before him, and if he had not done as he had, he would have done something else, adding that he was sorry his son was dead and not his wife. Further evidence as to the disastrous nature of the explosion, which completely wrecked Mrs. Henson's house, having been given, the jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against Samuel Henson, who was committed for trial. In his cell the following day the prisoner attempted to commit suicide by dashing his head with great violence



"PRINCE ATROBALD STUART DE MODENA,"  
OTHERWISE WILLIAM BROWN.

BROWN IS CHARGED WITH MAKING A FALSE ENTRY IN THE REGISTER IN CONNECTION WITH HIS MARRIAGE WITH THE EX-COUNTRESS RUSSELL.

against the wall. When charged before the magistrates, his head was swathed in bandages, and he appeared to be in a very weak condition.

**Countess Russell's Husband.**—The remarkable and romantic story of how the Countess Russell, formerly the wife of Earl Russell, had been married by an ex-footman and groom, who passed himself off as Prince of

Modena, which was referred to in these columns last week, was more fully unfolded before the Portsmouth magistrates on Monday, when William Brown, a slightly built, pleasant-looking young man, was charged with having caused a false entry to be made in the marriage register on Dec. 19 last. Lady Scott, mother of the Countess, said her daughter first made the prisoner's acquaintance last June. He was introduced in the name of Captain Archibald Stewart, and said he was a Royal Prince of the Austrian family, but wished his affairs kept quiet, as otherwise he would jeopardise a fortune of £8000 a year which he was to get in April. Thoroughly believing the prisoner's statements, her ladyship continued, she gave her consent to the marriage, and her daughter and Brown lived as man and wife until Dec. 25, when the Countess removed to Maidenhead, Brown leaving her on the way to go to Datchet. They had never seen him since, but about Jan. 3 or 4 Lady Scott learned who he really was from the secretary of a West-End club. After formal evidence of the marriage had been given, Charles Brown, coachman, of Frimley, said the prisoner was his son, and was twenty-eight years of age on the 12th of this month. It was not true that his name was Athrobald Stuart de Modena, and he, the witness, was not a Royal Prince. Thomas Davis, farmer, of Blackwater, Hants, having stated that he had known the accused as an indoor servant for many years, and was, in fact, his godfather, the prisoner, who reserved his defence, was committed for trial at the Winchester Assizes, to be held next June. It may be stated that although a false entry may have been made in the register, the marriage is none the less legal and binding on that account.

**Jew-Baiting in Russia.**—Further news is to hand of serious anti-Semitic rioting in Russia. At Kishineff, the mob wrecked the whole Jewish quarter, sacking stores and shops, and shooting and beating those who resisted. Thousands of Jews in the district are now homeless and destitute.

**Comedian's Terrible Deed.**—Mr. "Watty" Allen, a music-hall comedian, shot himself in Kennington last week, after firing at and wounding his wife and a Mr. Frank Leo, well known as a music hall song-writer. Mrs. Allen, who is known on the variety stage as Miss Sabie Fern, had been living apart from her husband for some time, and he seems to have been possessed of the idea that the relations between his wife and Mr. Leo were not merely those of business. Mrs. Allen and Mr. Leo were only slightly wounded by the revolver-shots, but suffered severely from the effects of shock.

**Dead Rats at Sixpence a-Head.**—In Pietermaritzburg to-day dead rats are being bought by the Municipality at sixpence a-head. This is a protective measure taken as the result of the plague having made its reappearance there and at the port of Durban. This tempting payment has caused most of the Kaffirs to throw up other work and go rat-hunting, as a result of which they may be seen daily going to the Town Hall with their victims strung on sticks, to facilitate the counting. The plague first made its appearance in Cape Town about three years ago, having been brought from India in ships, and has been directly traceable to the rats which get on board by means of the mooring-ropes when the steamer is in port. To prevent this recurring, all ropes connected with the shore are now furnished with what may best be described as large metal saucers, through the centre of which the rope passes. This obstacle no rat can overcome. Other drastic measures are being taken, although it involves destruction of property. The first sign of a fresh outbreak is dead rats, probably in a soft goods store; in twenty-four hours there may be several dead Kaffirs in that store—dead from plague. The whole building and its contents are then burnt to the ground, and all other Kaffirs who have been in contact with the victims placed in an isolation camp under medical supervision.

### "P.I.P." PLAYGOER.

IT is hard to say what may be the ultimate fate of the Lyceum Theatre, which was put up to auction on Thursday, April 23, and bought in at £260,000 after an offer of £244,000, which seems an extraordinary sum for the freehold of a theatre. But the auctioneer estimated the value of freehold land in that situation at £15 per square foot, and when the alterations proposed in the thoroughfare are carried out, the Lyceum will have a magnificent frontage. It is a great pity that so large a sum will have to be spent before it can be continued as a theatre—nearly £20,000, I understand. No doubt, if some speculator of taste purchased the property, the great reputation of the Lyceum might be retained. Meanwhile, Sir Henry Irving goes to Old Drury, and long may the gifted actor remain there—not with "Dante," there are many Shakspeare revivals worth considering. I remember Sir Henry's "Richard the Third" with great

pleasure, and think it the finest of his Shaksperian performances. A revival of the play at Drury Lane would prove, I feel confident, a prodigious success. In any case, I trust the Lyceum, with its glorious traditions, will not be given up to the restaurant-caterer, the gigantic-hotel company, or music-hall. If Mr. Charles Manners could see his way to open the Lyceum as an English Opera-house the vexed question of Opera in English would be solved once for all.

Mr. Tree, being present on Shakspeare Day at Stratford-on-Avon, made an important suggestion

suggest Falstaff as the most attractive character for him to play.

Matters have not been altogether satisfactory at the birthplace of Shakspeare. Miss Marie Corelli has expressed herself somewhat forcibly as to the "cliques" at Stratford-on-Avon. But where in England should peace and tranquillity reign supreme if not at the birthplace of the greatest poet the world has known? I confess I did not regard the last celebration as worthy of our national poet. Why, for example, was Ben Jonson lugged in to bolster out the



THE LATE MR. HANBURY, M.P., PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.  
WHO DIED ON TUESDAY MORNING LAST.

affecting our future actors. He said: "I hope to establish in London a Shakspeare school of acting in which our young dramatic recruits may be grounded in the first principles of their art, and when they have attained a certain proficiency, to draft them from the school into a [touring] company, and so lay the foundation of a fine stage education." A school of acting has long been wanted, and Mr. Tree, whose own genius and great services to the stage mark him as the right man to undertake the task of providing efficient actors for the future, will meet with hearty support in his endeavours to raise the acting standard. His promise of appearing at the next Shakspeare celebration is perhaps the most interesting item in his speech. I would

programme? It was an insult to the memory of the great poet, whose worst play is better than "Every Man in His Humour." The very names of the characters show what a stilted and artificial production it is. I hope Mr. Beerbohm Tree will do better next year.

Among the new companies registered at Somerset House is the "Jean de Reszke Academy" as a company with one thousand £1 shares. Its object will be musical teaching and dealing in musical instruments.

Mr. Martin Harvey commences his campaign at the Royalty on May 9.—THE PROMPTER

## RESULT

OF OUR

### PICTURE HISTORY COMPETITION

£5 added to Original Offer.

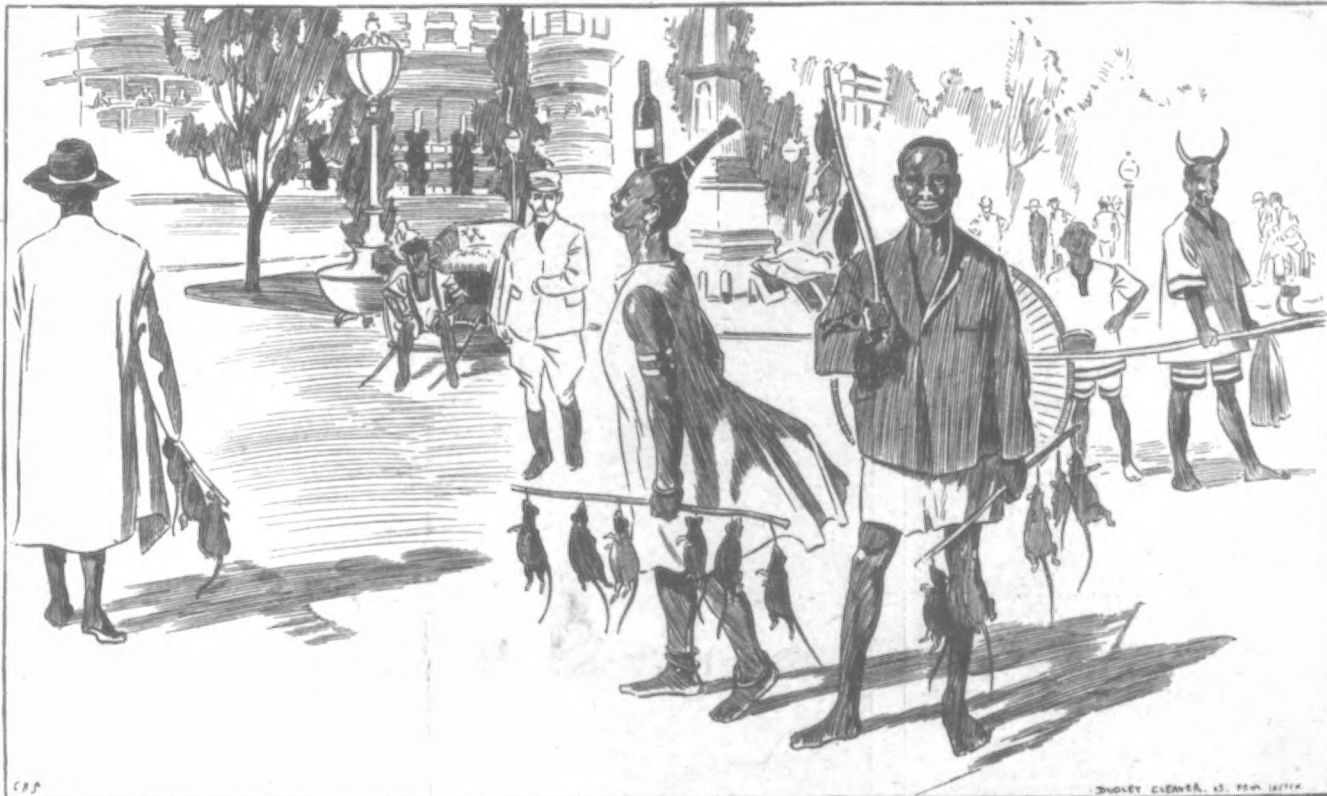
Below we print the result of our Picture History Competition. So many thousands of readers tried their skill with the Pictures that the task of examining their efforts proved a long and arduous one. Despite the difficulties presented by some of the test Pictures, the help afforded by back volumes of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS (from which all the Drawings were taken) enabled fifteen Competitors to place absolutely correct descriptions to the whole of the Pictures.

Under these circumstances, the difficulty of presenting a First Prize of £20 and a Second of £5, is obvious. To add the two amounts together and divide it between the fifteen winners would work out at £1 13s. 4d. per share; but we have decided to add £5 to our original offer, thus bringing each share up to £2. Cheques for this sum have now been dispatched to the following, who described all the Pictures correctly—

Mr. ARTHUR BURNBY, 11, Victoria Road, Brentwood.  
Mr. STEPHEN WINFIELD, 228, Farmer's Road, Kennington.  
Mr. HENRY W. ADAMS, 154, Salmon's Lane, Limehouse, E.  
Mr. JOHN PETRY, 14, Lime Street, E.C.  
Mr. W. DAVISON, 16, Wellington Road, Charlton, Kent.  
Mr. C. W. DUNGATE, 9, Tweed Street, Battersea Park Road, S.W.  
Mr. EDWARD R. SMITH, 3, Moor View Terrace, Muttley, Plymouth.  
Mr. ALFRED PRITCHARD, 24, Poyser Street, Bethnal Green, E.  
Mr. ALFRED NELSON, 7, Roskell Road, Putney.  
Miss JEANNETTE BURNS, 24, Ingham Road, West Hampstead.  
Mr. WALTER WICKS, 48, Rowington Road, Lakenham, Norwich.  
Mr. EDWARD ADAMS, 89, Forkitt Road, Fulham, S.W.  
Mr. C. J. NICHOLAS, 55, Crompton Street, Newington Butts, S.E.  
Mr. H. F. SMITH, Ashley Clinton, near Lymington, Hants.  
Mr. K. C. CHAPPEL, c/o Mrs. Frayer, 284, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.

The correct descriptions of the test Pictures are as follow—

1. First Council of Queen Victoria, June 30, 1837.
2. Queen Victoria's Reception at Buckingham Palace, June 21, 1837: Lord Salisbury Kissing Her Hand.
3. Mr. Balfour Leaving Victoria for Osborne, January 1901.
4. Mr. Parnell in the Witness-Box.
5. Tieborne Trial—Sketch in Court.
6. Reception of Kaiser by Prince of Wales and Duke of York, Jan. 20, 1901.
7. Cronje Surrendering to Lord Roberts.
8. Funeral of Queen Victoria: Bluejackets Carrying Coffin on Board the "Alberta."
9. Lord Methuen Directing Battle of Magersfontein.
10. Cavalry Charge at Battle of El Teb.
11. Burning of Cetewayo's House, Zulu War.



THE PLAGUE OF RATS IN PIETERMARITZBURG: KAFFIRS TAKING DEAD RATS TO THE TOWN HALL.

MISS LILY BRAYTON IN "RESURRECTION," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

# THE MUSIC YOU LOVE BEST.

# Campbell's

**GOLD MEDAL 1891.**

**PATENT BROAD REED.**

# Melodeons

HAVE THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY MUSICAL INSTRUMENT IN THE WORLD.

They have Organ and Celestial Tone and Charming Bell Accompaniments. **NO HOME SHOULD BE WITHOUT ONE.** The Solemn Psalm, the Soul-stirring Hymn, the Cheerful Song, and the Merry Dance can all be played on these charming Instruments. No Knowledge of Music required.

**CHARMING BIRTHDAY GIFTS.**

**SPECIAL OFFER TO THE READERS OF "THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER."**

CAMPBELL'S "GER" MELODEON... 6s. 9d.  
CAMPBELL'S "MINIATURE" MELODEON... 10s. 9d.  
CAMPBELL'S "PARAGON" MELODEON... 12s. 0d.  
CAMPBELL'S "FAVORITE" MELODEON... 16s. 6d.

MONEY RETURNED IF NOT APPROVED.  
WORTH DOUBLE THE MONEY. ORDER AT ONCE.  
Any of the above sent, Carriage Paid, to any Address in Great Britain or Ireland, on receipt of P.O.O.

## USEFUL AND ELEGANT PRESENTS.

**200,000 TESTIMONIALS.** Read the following—  
The Editor of "THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER" says: "Practical believers in the humanising effects of good music, Campbell & Co., 116, Trongate, Glasgow, supply at reasonable prices a wonderfully diversified variety of musical instruments."

**PROFESSOR BROWN, THE CHAMPION MELODEON PLAYER** of Great Britain, Ireland, and Wales: "Campbell's Patent Melodeons are the finest instruments that have ever come under my touch, and only require a trial to advertise themselves."

"All lovers of music should at once send for Campbell's 1903 Illustrated Price-List of all kinds of Musical Instruments and Talking Machines, from 10s. each. Also 10,000 Best London Made Records, 1s. each; Columbia, 1s. 3d. **CAMPBELL'S GENUINE COLUMBIA GRAPHOPLONES** are the best in the world. Send for full Price List."

**CAMPBELL and CO., 116, Trongate, Glasgow.** (Est. 60 Years.)

**N.B.—Beware of WORTHLESS IMITATIONS. CAMPBELL'S are the ONLY GENUINE.**

It dyes the hair a washable Blonde, Brown, or Black, by merely combing it through.

# SEEGERS' HAIR DYE.

Of all Hairdressers, 2/-, or plain sealed case, post free, 2/6.—HINDS LTD., Finsbury, London, E.C.

**ANNUAL SALE, 362,000 BOTTLES.**

## Rupture Free Cure.

The Startling Assertion that Rupture is Curable is Made by a London Specialist.

Dr. W. S. Rice (Dept. 756), 8 & 9, Stonecutter Street, London, E.C., says that any kind of rupture can be cured at the patient's home without the slightest pain, danger, operation, or detention from daily work.



MR. H. J. KIRK.  
From a Photo.

He gives the names and addresses of several hundred prominent people whom he has cured, one of which, H. J. Kirk, 18, Cross Street, Newark-on-Trent will serve to show the workings of this wonderful plan. Dr. Rice has devised a new system that holds any rupture, no matter how large it is, and at the same time causes the ruptured opening to grow together and become solid flesh and muscle. Mr. Kirk had been treated by various doctors, and worn several kinds of trusses, but to no avail. He had been told by all who fitted trusses that he could not be cured unless by operation, and even that doubtful as well as dangerous. This, of course, discouraged him, but nevertheless, he determined to have one more trial. The result was the long-desired cure. Mr. Kirk says:—"I had been ruptured 15 years, and after trying many doctors and trusses, was about ready to give up, when I was recommended to try your method. I can now go about without any truss, and experience no trouble at all. The method is worth ten times the price you charge." This experience will undoubtedly interest everyone who is ruptured, and readers should write to Dr. Rice for his free book, and a free sample of his wonderful method, which assures a complete and permanent cure of any kind of rupture.

## THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

### FOOTBALL.

**N**EVER before has football died so hard as was the case this spring. Not only were many Association clubs engaged in important matches on the last Saturday of the season, but Rugbeians were also busily employed in games above the ordinary. Chief interest, of course, attached to the struggle between Sunderland and Newcastle United, for on the result of that meeting rested the Championship of the League. The home club had no chance of gaining even a decent position in the table, but they had a big chance of stopping Sunderland from overhauling Sheffield Wednesday, and to the Wear-siders' sorrow the opportunity was accepted, for Newcastle won by a goal to nil. Sunderland tried hard to snatch the game out of the fire, for they knew that they would require to win absolutely in order to gain Championship honours, but all their efforts were abortive, and so Sheffield Wednesday annex the trophies attaching to the top place on the League ladder. This is the first time that the Wednesdayites have been Champions, and naturally the news of Sunderland's defeat was received with jubilation at Sheffield and at Plymouth, where the Wednesday team had played an exhibition with Notts County to inaugurate the new Plymouth Argyle Club. Here again the "Blades" got further honours, for by beating Notts by two goals to nil they won the cup and medals presented by the Plymouth Argyle directors. Thus the Wednesday Club became possessed of two cups in one afternoon, a circumstance of which they may well feel proud.

Sunderland's recent form has been most erratic, and from having practically "a soft thing" on, they gradually made their task harder, until at the finish it proved too difficult for them to accomplish. However, they have won the Championship before, and it is just as well that the honours should go round. To the Sheffielders I extend my warmest congratulations on their success, for they have secured the League victory by consistent merit rather than by flashes of brilliancy.

Aston Villa's win of two goals to none at Grimsby, in conjunction with Sunderland's downfall at Newcastle, gave the Villans a capital chance of getting second place in the League, for they had only to defeat Middlesbrough on Monday to pass in front of Sunderland by virtue of a superior goal-average. This actually happened, the Villa beating the Tee-siders by five goals to none, and Sunderland have perforce to be satisfied with third place, instead of occupying top position, as at one time seemed so probable. But that is the luck of the game, and without the proverbial



Photo. C. F. Shaw.

### THE NORTHERN UNION CUP.—HALIFAX v. SALFORD: RIGG (HALIFAX) AND THOMAS (SALFORD) TOSSING FOR CHOICE OF ENDS.

THIS MATCH, WHICH HALIFAX WON BY SEVEN POINTS TO NIL, ATTRACTED 33,000 SPECTATORS, A RECORD FOR THE RUGBY GAME.

Middlesbrough made a draw of one goal each with Stoke, and Bury went to Liverpool to meet with a two goals to none reverse. In the Second Division, Burton were defeated on their own ground by Bristol City to the extent of three

issues of the match meant one club finishing in front of the other in the League table. Eventually Millwall won a splendidly contested game by two goals to one. At Kettering, the home club got the better of Tottenham Hotspur by a goal; Wellington, who had only ten men, beat Swindon by a like margin; and New Brompton worsted Watford by two goals to one. Watford had to appear in a Southern League test game on Monday against Brighton and Hove Albion, and as the seashore won by five goals to three, Watford retire from the First Division.

In the Western League on Saturday, Bristol Rovers beat Queen's Park Rangers by three goals to one, and on Monday they overcame Millwall by a similar score, albeit there was not much credit in the latter victory, seeing that the "Dockers" were all to pieces, and had only ten men for half the game. Storrer having to retire at the interval. Still, the double victory brought the Rovers to third place in the final table, only Portsmouth and Southampton being ahead of them.

Many final ties were decided on Saturday. Glasgow Rangers won the Scottish Cup by beating Heart of Midlothian by two goals to nil; West Hampstead lifted the Middlesex Charity Cup by virtue of a victory over Ealing by two to none; the Kent County Rugby trophy was carried off by Catford Bridge, who were too good for the Royal Engineers to the extent of two goals and a try (13 points) to nil; and the Northern Union Cup went to Halifax, whose team beat Salford by two goals and a try to nil. On Monday Bury added to their English Cup triumph by annexing the handsome Lancashire Cup, Everton being beaten in the final by one goal to nil. Bury have certainly reason to congratulate themselves on the season's doings.

### CRICKET.

The resumption of cricket at the Oval on Monday was under far more congenial conditions than those which prevailed during the opening match of the year between Surrey and London County, the return game to which, by the way, was looked to begin at the Crystal Palace yesterday (Thursday). The glorious sunshine on Monday contrasted pleasantly with the bleak Easter week, and the Surrey men—the First Twelve were opposing the Next Sixteen—thoroughly enjoyed the play. It is good news to hear that, after all Mr. D. L. A. Jephson will be able to play in a number of matches this season, and it is not proposed to fill his place as captain, at any rate for the present.

Monday's play brought to light a new bowler in Jackson, who, playing for the "Next Sixteen," took nine wickets for only 73 runs. He hails from Mitcham, and is a slow left-handed bowler, something after Clode's style. The only men to cope with him successfully were Hayward, who made 33, Lees, who contributed 37, and Davis, who hit

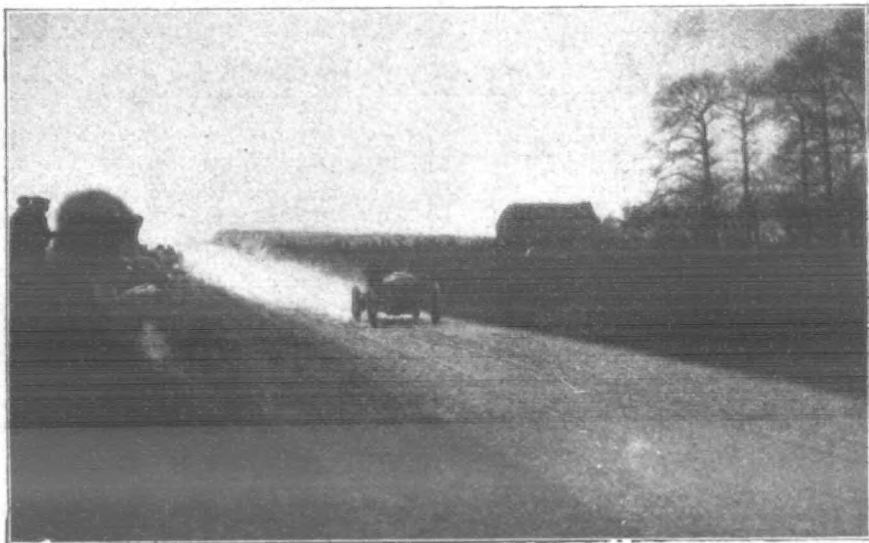


Photo. Foulsham and Banfield.

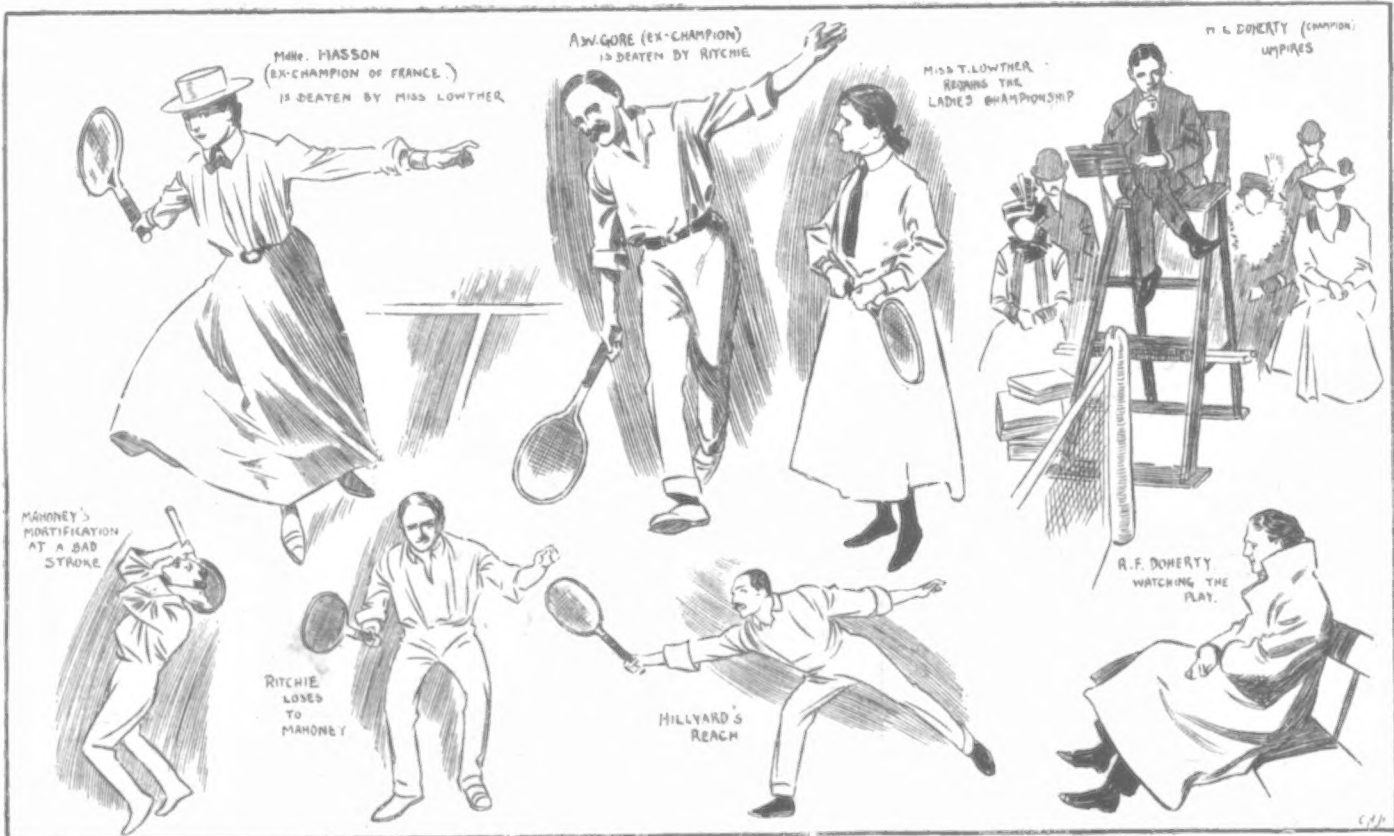
### THE ELIMINATING TRIALS FOR THE GORDON-BENNETT RACE: STOCKS GOING AT FULL SPEED

"glorious uncertainty" few of our pastimes would draw public attention.

One of the most notable results last Saturday was the reverse sustained by Derby County at West Bromwich, the Albion winning by three goals to none. Not that one expected Derby to beat the "Throstles" after some of their recent performances, but the fact that the English Cup finalists should so suddenly strike "a bad patch" is something out of the common. In the other matches played,

goals to none, Gainsborough drew with Glossop at one each, and Barnsley and Manchester United both failed to score a goal at Barnsley.

The last batch of Southern League matches were not particularly interesting, except, perhaps, the fight between Millwall and West Ham United. Of course, with the leading places all assigned it was not surprising to see only lukewarm interest taken in the games, but those who went to Millwall got plenty of excitement, for the



"P.I.P." SKETCHES OF THE LAWN TENNIS COVERED COURT CHAMPIONSHIPS AT QUEEN'S CLUB.

THE LAUNCH OF THE CUP DEFENDER, "RELIANCE," AT RHODE ISLAND.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

up 32. Mr. "Livy" Walker was captain of the "seniors," and Mr. J. E. Raphael skippered the "juniors," for whom Montgomery and Moulder were in splendid fettle with the bat.

#### LAWN TENNIS.

Some magnificent play was associated with the concluding stages of the Covered-Court Lawn Tennis Championship competitions at the Queen's Club. The Doubles event was finished last Saturday, when H. L. Doherty and Miss T. Lowther, the holders of the Championship, beat R. F. Doherty and Mdlle. Masson (Lady Champion of France) by two sets to one, the scores being 5-7, 6-4, 9-7. On the same day, G. W. Hillyard qualified to meet H. L. Doherty in the challenge round of the Gentlemen's Singles by defeating H. S. Mahony, and Mdlle. Masson earned the right to compete in the challenge of the Ladies' Singles by her victory over Miss M. B. Squire.

These two challenge rounds were played on Monday. In the Men's event Doherty was much too steady for Hillyard, and though he lost the second set, the holder eventually won by three sets to one, the scores being 6-1, 4-6, 6-4, and 6-2. In the Ladies' match the victory of Miss Lowther, the holder, was even more pronounced, Mdlle. Masson not showing her best form, and being quite outclassed. The English lady champion played wonderfully well, and secured victory with scores of 6-1 and 6-0.

#### RACQUETS.

One of the finest matches ever played resulted from the meeting of E. H. Miles (holder) and E. M. Baerlein (challenger) in the challenge round of the Amateur Singles Championship of racquets. Both played very finely indeed, and, after a great struggle, the holder was beaten, Baerlein winning by three games to two and 74 aces to 59.

#### ATHLETICS.

What I may describe as the preliminary canter for the amateur championships of 1903 took place at Northampton last Saturday. The ten miles run and the seven miles walk were decided on the County cricket ground, and but for a circumstance which will readily appeal to anyone who has worn a running or a walking shoe, it is probable that new figures would have been put up for the ten miles.

Of course, Alfred Shrubbs won the running event—who else? He won so easily that he was probably robbed of the chance of beating W. G. George's amateur record of 51 min. 20 sec. for the distance. Shrubbs finished a mile in



LOG-ROLLING ON THE THAMES: TOM BARTON ENJOYING A SMOKE ON HIS TIN CYLINDER DURING HIS JOURNEY FROM KEW TO PUTNEY.

### THE RACING WORLD.

**B**y this time the Racing World is getting pretty well seasoned, and only wants a little really warm weather to be complete in its education. In the last three weeks we have had all sorts except what we want—namely, sunny and showery; but if we can't find the sun often or for long, we have been treated to quite a nice drop of rain, for which relief to trainers and their horses much thanks are due.

Almost literally Monday's fall prevented the Two Thousand Guineas from drying up. The Guineas is a

the second they hold in the spring. Whether that had much to do with the addition of several improbable winners to the list of probable starters is scarcely to be said, but, at any rate, the field's strength was swollen a great deal by unexpected competitors. After all, the going was not at all on the soft side when proceedings commenced on Tuesday, but there seemed a rather uncomfortable possibility of its being quite so before long; for all round the sky looked full of rain, and once more the long-suffering racing world appeared in for it: "it" in this sort of connection means something very unpleasant. A dull Two Thousand we had to anticipate, and were not disappointed; though, come rain, hail, gale, snow, or shine, the real followers of sport will roll up to assist at a Two Thousand Guineas, and this one held plenty of elements to make excitement.

Newmarket always is very useful in promoting difference of opinion, for its authorities who go a-touting will never think alike, and they were more than ordinarily strong in differences of opinion, according to which the certainties were no good, and vice-versa.

Mead they had liked much through the winter, but were disposed to put him aside when it was discovered that R. Marsh considered him forward enough to carry the King's colours this week, and, I may add, Morny Cannon. Good money went on Mead, and no matter who lost, all must be glad at the King's winning the Guineas and holding a Derby favourite once more.

While Mead had been asserted to be quite Rabelais's superior by one party, all the other side wanted was Mr. James's horse's beating his stable companion to give them that inestimable pull in a controversy which proving the sum as well as doing it imparts. Kemmy and Morny have been fighting close battles this year, and the younger is gaining almost as much popularity as his big brother, who, to do him credit, would look glum riding to weigh in on Mead as a winner than as defeated.

As in the case of the brothers Cannon, so had discussion been going on as to the possibility of Maher on Flotsam beating Martin on Rock Sand. Flotsam's win was deemed impossible because of his going indifferently at exercise, and Rock Sand would not go for Martin in the race—at least, that was what the field Stewards declared before the event, and would not alter after the winner's number went up. Still, those who averred that winning or losing made no difference to Rock Sand's not having grown very much had fact on their side.

Countermark's success meant a nice win for a cute school, for they had laid themselves out to net a nice stake on the strength of a trial with Wabun, who can go if he likes, but Sermon was more of a public horse. Many a sore heart was bound to cast back to Handicapper's defeat in the City and Suburban, for the handicapper had done something quite remarkable with the Two Thousand classical horse before the stable put their money down.

Good-looking horses were among the outsiders, but the B.P.'s search amidst those others did not lead to any discovery which benefited them. It is very easy to say go for an outsider, but when it comes to the going the delicate question "Which?" arises, and you may see the favourites all upset, and be upset yourself, because you were on the wrong long-priced one. That is by no means a novel experience, is it?

The One Thousand Guineas, which is to the Two as the Oaks to the Derby, never catches on as does the ladies' race at Epsom. Baroness la Fleche, as a good Derby outsider, is perhaps the animal of most interest in the entry. Personally, I prefer Skyscraper, so will couple

Skyscraper and Baroness la Fleche. Quintessence must want a lot of beating.—BENDIGO.



LOG-ROLLING ON THE THAMES: BARTON LYING FLAT ON HIS BACK.

front of F. James, of the Herne Hill Harriers. The time of the winner was 51 min. 55.4 sec.; and James occupied 57 min. 57.4 sec. for the journey; while E. H. R. Redfern, of the Finchley Harriers, who finished third, occupied 57 min. 17.3 sec.

The walk was chiefly noticeable for the disqualification of W. J. Sturgess. He was leading Butler by some forty yards at the third mile, and, after a couple of cautions, was pulled out by the judges. Butler won by just under two minutes, the placings being: J. Butler, first, 56 min. 17.1 sec.; W. Martindale, second, 58 min. 7.3 sec.; and W. Edean, third, 58 min. 36.4 sec. All three beat the standard time.

The great deeds of what I may term the "advance guard" of the Stock Exchange walkers have given a tremendous impetus to the sport, and over a hundred entries were made for the great walk, which was brought off yesterday from Westminster to Brighton Aquarium. I was told on Monday evening that in one market on the Exchange there was a 20000 book, and that the least bet made among the members was £120 to £10. For that I cannot vouch, but I do know for certain that there has been more excitement over the walk than over business for a fortnight past.

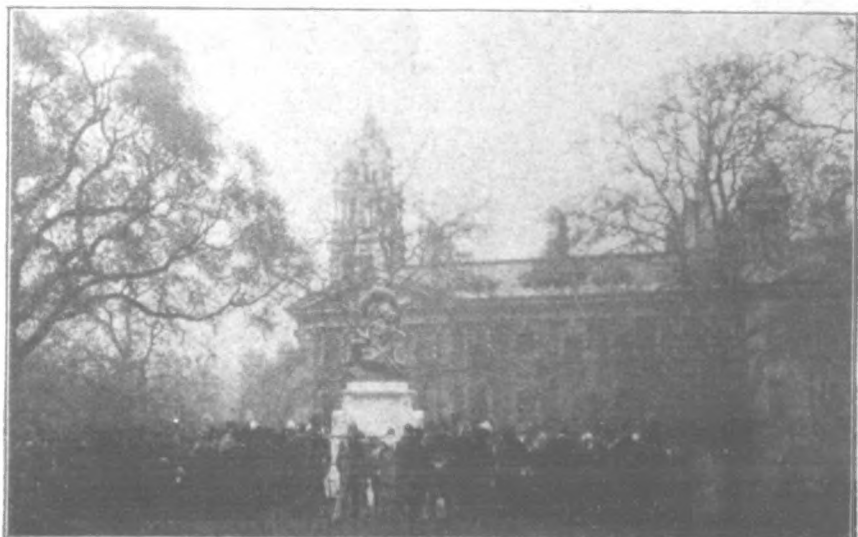
#### GOLF.

The opening of the new golf-links at Sundridge Park, Kent, was marked by various points of interest. The presence of the Prime Minister was the most notable of the many "side-shows" connected with the function, and no doubt Mr. Balfour spoke with earnest sincerity when he said that he was proud of the fact that the infection of golf had spread not only over the United Kingdom, but in every part of the world where English was spoken. Mr. Balfour played in a foursome during the day, his partner being James Braid, and the opposition Mr. H. W. Forster, M.P., and Alex. Herd. The former pair were in receipt of four strokes, but lost by one hole.

#### BANSHEE.

Log-Rolling on the Thames.—Thomas Barton, a native of Putney who has many years' experience of the exciting and dangerous work known as log-rolling on the Mississippi River behind him, gave another exhibition of his prowess on the Thames last week before a large assembly of sightseers on either bank. Seated on a dozen empty tins formed into the similitude of a "log," Barton floated gaily downstream, refreshing himself with cigars and steaming cups of hot Bovril by the way. The journey was accomplished without mishap, not even the table or chair which formed the "log's" furniture being overturned.

Gordon-Bennett Motor-Race.—It has been decided that all three representative British motor-cars which will take part in the 300 miles race in Ireland for the Gordon-Bennett International Cup on July 2 are to be of the Napier make. This decision was come to early this week as a result of trials between various cars of differing makes and powerfulness. The drivers who will steer these racers are Messrs. S. F. Edge (holder of the cup), Jarrott, and J. W. Stocks. A captive balloon is to float over the course, from the car of which observers will signal the movements of the various competing cars below.



THE PRINCE OF WALES UNVEILING THE MARINES' MEMORIAL LAST SATURDAY.

# Omega Oil

CURES...  
**SORE THROAT**

Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Weak Backs, Lame Shoulders, Tired Arms and Legs, Stiffness, Neuralgia, Cold in the Chest, Aching Muscles, Swellings, Bruises, Sprains, Tired & Tender Feet



Dear Sirs,  
I have much pleasure in saying that I have used Omega Oil for sore throat and pains in the chest, and have received great relief from it, and recommended it to all my friends.

5, Porteous Road, Farringdon, London, E.C.

Of all Chemists,

Price 1/1½. Large Bottle, 2/9.

## FREE TO ALL RHEUMATIC & GOUT SUFFERERS

If you are a sufferer from Rheumatism or Gout, send your name to John A. Smith, 1036, Montague House, Stonecutter Street, London, E.C., and he

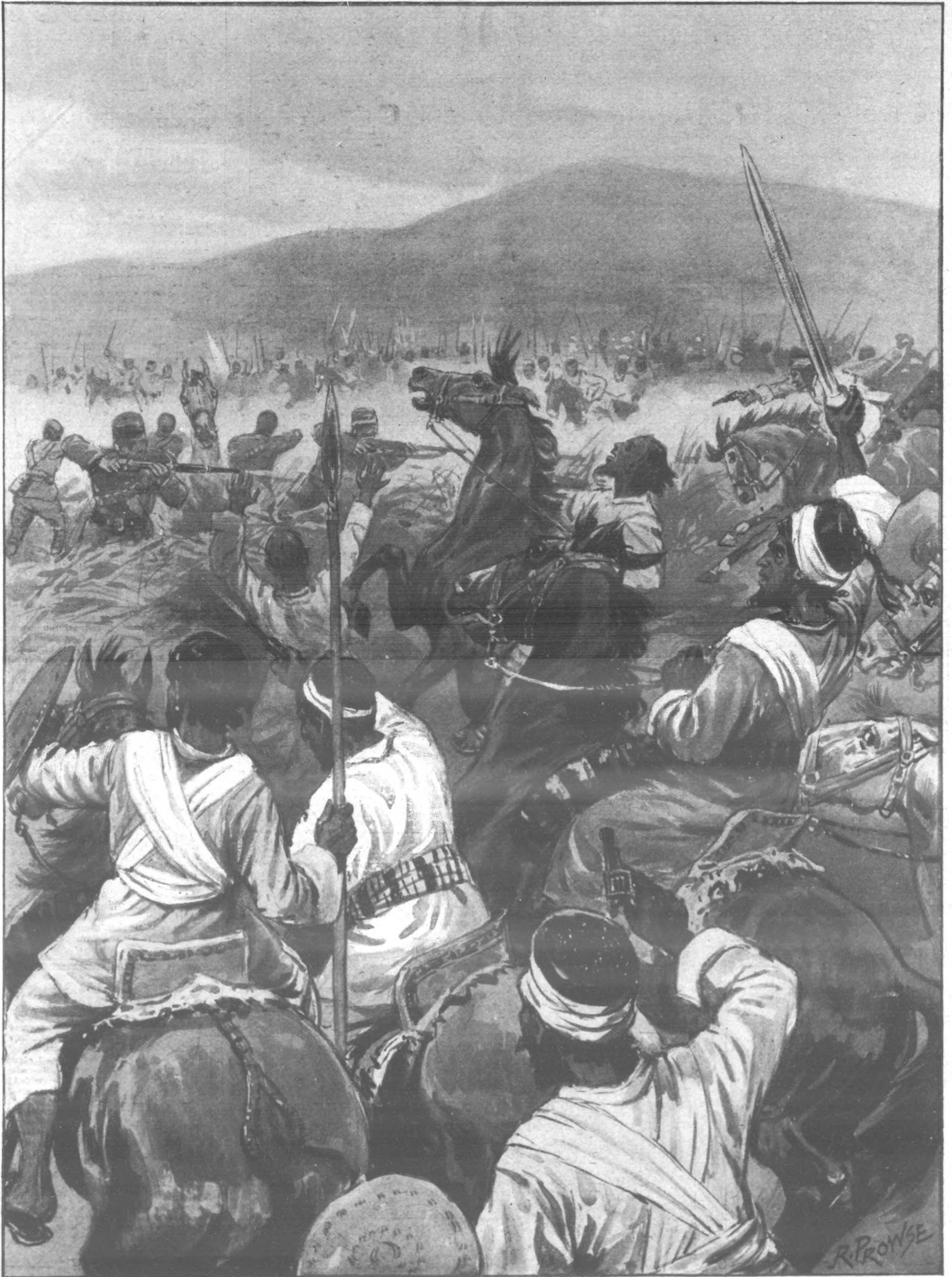
will send you a box of Gloria Tonic; also the most elaborately illustrated book, "Rheumatism; its Causes and Cure," and 300 recent cures. This book contains many illustrations from actual life, and will tell you all about your case. Never before has a remedy been so highly endorsed as Gloria Tonic, and if it is properly used, it should cure rheumatism, no matter if of one or 50 years' standing. Remember, this remedy has cured thousands whom hospitals and doctors failed to cure. It has cured hundreds who were enslaved to crutches, and who never expected to walk again. Decrepit persons of 70 years and over, among them some who were even unable to clothe or feed themselves, were completely cured through this wonderful remedy. This is not mere idle talk nor deception, but a fact which I can prove by references from 5000 persons. It recently cured a gentleman of 74 who had been a sufferer for 30 years, and whom seven physicians failed to cure. Gloria Tonic contains no poisons such as Opiates, Salicylate, Calomel, nor any other preparation of Mercury or Narcotics, and will not harm your stomach, heart, or liver. Send your name to-day.

For I am anxious that everybody should have a test box of this wonderful remedy. Send no stamps nor money.

**200 CIGARS** per hour can be made on our new cigar machine, thus enabling us to sell cigars practically at tobacco price. Millions of cigars now sold cost more for labour and boxing, etc., than for tobacco.

A Borneo leaf cigar the exact size of illustration, so delicate in flavour that it can be inhaled, we supply for 2/2 per box of 50, or 4/2 per 100, direct and carriage paid, if not obtainable in your district, or send 2 cigars free against stamped & directed envelope.

**WARTMANN & CO., LTD.**  
Cigar Manufacturers, LTD.,  
Patentees of the only Cigar Making Machine,  
681, High Road, TOTTENHAM, LONDON, N.



**A BRITISH TRIUMPH IN NIGERIA: THE ROUT OF THE KANO ARMY.**

Forty-four mounted infantry, under Lieutenants Wright and Wells, engaged the entire Kano army, consisting of 12,000 horse and 2000 foot. Lieutenant Wright formed a zariba, and ten times in succession beat back the charging enemy, killing 300 of them.

# £50 for READING A STORY.

**FIRST PRIZE, £30 ; SECOND PRIZE, £10 ;**  
**And TEN PRIZES of £1 each.**

**A COMBINATION OF PLEASURE AND PROFIT.**

## *The P.I.P.'s New Prize Competition.*

IN this Number on page 284 we present the opening chapters of a new thrilling novel entitled "With This Ring." Below on this page will be found four pictures which illustrate scenes from our new story. We want you to read the story carefully, select the passages which you think the drawings depict, and write the sentences in the spaces provided below for that purpose. Titles for each picture must not exceed twenty words, and must be a literal copy of words from the story itself. To show you what we mean, we have filled in the correct words for the first picture ourselves. The rest you must do. There will be several sets of pictures, the competition extending in all over eight weeks. Keep all your sheets till the eight have appeared, then pin them together and address them to—

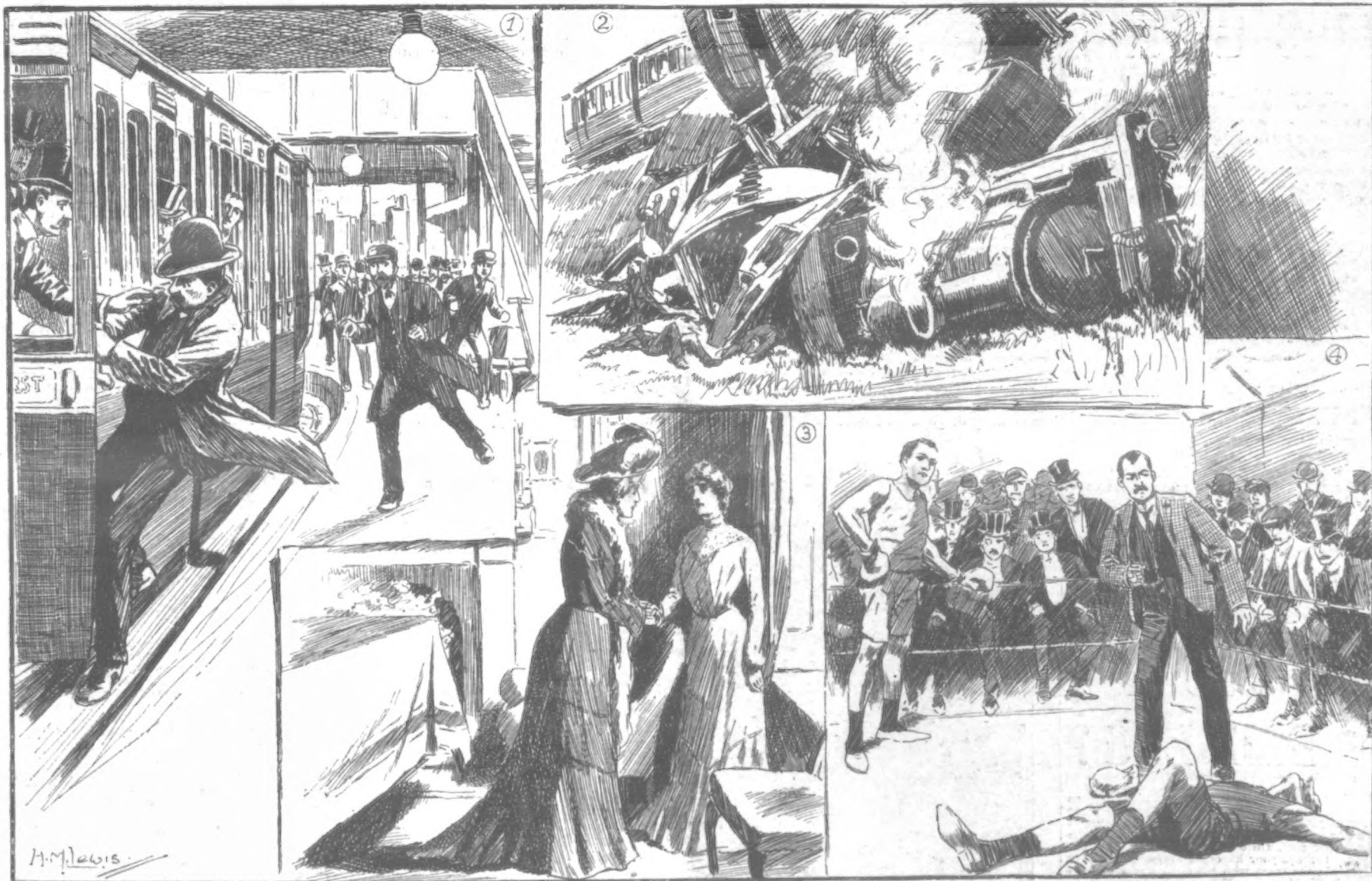
*Story Competition, "Penny Illustrated Paper," 198, Strand, W.C.,*  
 by a date to be named later.

To the competitor who places the greatest number of correct passages under the pictures, we shall award the First Prize of £30 cash; £10 will be awarded as a Second Prize; while there will be Ten Consolation Prizes of £1 each. In the unlikely event of a tie the Prizes will be divided.

NO MEMBER OF OUR STAFF IS ALLOWED TO COMPETE.

THE DECISION OF THE EDITOR MUST BE CONSIDERED FINAL.

### FIRST LIST.



*Fill in here the passages from the story which you think best fit the Pictures.*

1. A desperate scramble, and he was standing on the foot-board

2. ....

3. ....

4. ....

## THIS PRETTY JACKET

PATTERN is GIVEN AWAY

In Next Tuesday's  
(No. 387, Dated May 9)

**Woman's Life**  
FOR MAID and  
WIFE.

Why Women do not  
Marry.

How to Know when  
"Mr. Right" appears.

Smart Hats for Summer  
Wear.

Pretty Dresses for the  
Present Season.

Pin Money for all  
Clever Ladies.

See this week's Number.

Ask your newsagent for a copy of WOMAN'S LIFE.  
Price 1d., or post free from the publishers, 2d. Three  
months' subscription, 2/3 post free, from GEORGE  
NEWNES, Ltd., 7-12, Southampton St., Strand, London.



## 25 SUITS to MEASURE for NOTHING!

In order to familiarise the readers of *The Penny Illustrated Paper* with our new address we have decided to make and present to each of 25 gentlemen a Suit to Measure absolutely FREE of cost. All that you have to do is to write a letter for Patterns of our 21/- Suits (valued at £3 3s.), which will be sent you with full instructions how to measure yourself. If your letter is among the first 25 read by our Advertisement Manager, on Wednesday morning, May 6, at 9 a.m., we shall, as stated above, make you a Suit to Measure absolutely Free of Charge. Every application must contain 1d. in stamps to defray part postage of patterns. Persons sending more than one application will be disqualified. The names of the fortunate winners will be published in *London Daily Express*, *North Mail*, and *Midland Express*, on Friday, May 8. To those persons who have a difficulty in securing copies of the above-mentioned papers we will forward result direct, provided stamped addressed envelope is forwarded for the purpose.

APPLICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED:

**"FREE SUITS," CURZON BROS.**

(Dept. 124),

60, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.  
(Late Aldersgate Street.)

## CURES GOITRE.



A well-known American physician has discovered a remedy that cures Goitre, or Thick Neck. And to prove this he sends a free trial package so that patients may try and know positively that goitre can be cured. Send your name and address to Dr. John P. Haig, 191, Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A.; tell him your age, the size and location of your goitre, and how long you have had it and he will be glad to send you, free, a large trial package of his home cure, post paid.

Remember, a letter to America requires 2d. postage. Write your name very plain and be sure to give your full address, so there can be no mistake in delivery.

## HAVE YOU A BAD LEG?

WITH Wounds that discharge or otherwise, perhaps surrounded with inflammation, and so swollen that when you press your finger on the inflamed part it leaves the impression? If so, under the skin you have poison which, if not extracted, will cause you suffering till death releases you. Perhaps your knees are swollen, the joints being ulcerated; the same with the ankles, round which the skin may be discoloured, or there may be wounds. The disease if allowed to continue will deprive you of the power to walk. You may have attended various hospitals, and had medical advice and been told your case is hopeless or advised to submit to amputation; but do not, for I CAN CURE YOU. I don't say perhaps; but I WILL. Numbers have consulted me and been cured, after suffering from one to twenty years. If possible, call, or send a Postal Order for 2s. 6d. to ALBERT, 73A, Farringdon Street, London, and you will receive a box of

**GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT AND PILLS,**

which is a Certain Remedy for the Cure of Bad Legs, Housemaid's Knee, Ulcerated Joints, Carbuncles, Poisoned Hands, and Bunions. (Registered Copyright.)

## THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

IF any of my young readers who have just "come out" have the prospect before them of dances and other festivities, they must remember, if they wear low bodices, that, to be fashionable, they must have the sloping shoulder. It is not a pretty fashion by any means, but if a girl does not wish to look odd, she must adopt it. If she is high-shouldered by nature, she will look fairly well; but if her shoulders have

### A Natural Slope,

she will not look her best. The lace tucker beloved of our grandmothers, and even by the mothers of those who are no longer very young, is in vogue once more. It gives a great air of primness to the low bodice, but, if soft and not too deep, it is pretty. I have been looking round the shops to see what there is to be seen in the way of novelties, and a great many ladies were buying the stole boas. These are wide and flat, and

### With Very Long Ends

which reach to below the knees. These boas keep the shoulders warm but not the neck. However, it is just as well not to have fur round the neck. I have never seen such a variety of lace collars. Some are, in reality, capes which reach nearly to the waist, and are round in shape. Others are smaller, and have the long stole ends. I fear that these lace collars and pelerines, being copied from good models in very cheap laces, will be exceedingly common, and nothing is more common-looking than cheap imitation lace. "But what are we to do?" the women ask who have a scanty supply of pin-money. "Are we to go without because we cannot afford the best things?" I should prefer to go without myself rather than wear shoddy lace, but I admit that it is hard. Some of these choice pelerines cost as much almost as a gown, and in a few months they will be

### Out of Fashion,

and the big price paid will have been wasted. This week there is a sale on at Redmayne's. Their new show-rooms—rebuilt after the fire—have been opened, and the new stock is being sold at moderate prices. It would be well worth while to have a look at the blouses; they are as low as ten and sixpence; and made in pretty delaine, with a smart silk tie attached, and crystal buttons, for twelve and sixpence. As a rule Redmayne is not cheap, but there are some bargains to be got there just at present. At Shoobred's, too, there are several very pretty designs in blouses. The stock should be examined before the blouses for the coming season are bought. "Blouseband" at Shoobred's is a very tempting domain.

The young girls of this country are much excited just now by the publication in one of the daily papers of a most venomous attack upon the age of "Sweet Seventeen" from the pen of a man who is well known in the literary world. Among other things, the writer says that a girl of seventeen is deceitful, treacherous, sly, fickle, she has no mind, no logic, no humour, and she is greedy, vain, cowardly, and false.

### "Sweet Seventeen,"

in his opinion, is "crude seventeen; neither child nor woman, with the disadvantages and vices of both." No one would, of course, affirm that all girls of seventeen are perfect. They have faults: they are, if pretty, perhaps a little vain, and perhaps rather conceited; but pick out any dozen girls of seventeen at random, and ten at least out of the dozen will be modest, amiable, high-principled young things. They may, and they have a right to be, crude and immature. They may need "ballast and balance," but not more than a youth of the same age requires; but their modesty and innocence are not assumed, and they have in them the making of good and noble women. Would



Photo. Lyddell Sawyer.

MISS KITTY LOFTUS, THE WELL-KNOWN ACTRESS.

any man in his senses expect a girl who is still a child almost, to be perfect? I should think not! Why should she be? The famous heroine of "Vanity Fair," Becky Sharp, was no doubt as vain and deceitful at seventeen as she was when she was ten or fifteen years older, but a writer who is cruel enough to lump all girls together in one category must be either very unobservant and illogical, or very bitter and cruel. It is possible, perhaps, that once upon a time he was snubbed severely by a girl of seventeen, and that he has never forgiven the slight.

A recipe is asked for

### Washing Flannel Blouses.

"I could wash mine at home," writes a reader of *The World of Women*, if I knew how to do it." She will find the following mode very easy. A friend of mine washes her blouses always in this way. If possible, use rain water; if you cannot get it, add one teaspoonful of borax to one gallon of warm water, in which you can bear to place your hands comfortably—not any hotter. Next dissolve in this water a heaped tablespoonful of soap jelly. First wash the blouses in this, and then in fresh suds mixed in the same way. Afterwards rinse in two lots of water of the same heat as the suds, to which a little borax, but no soap, has been added. Coloured blouses must never be allowed to soak in water, but be washed as quickly as possible, and blouses

of different colours should never be washed together or separately in the same water. After washing and rinsing they should be hung up to dry in a windy, but not a sunny place, and they should be spread out as much as possible.

"I have been told," writes "A Mother," "that even little children can be taught that time is valuable. Is it true?" Certainly it is true. There are no such

### Dawdlers and Wasters of Time

as little children, and the habit will grow upon them only too easily. They should be taught to do everything quickly as well as thoroughly; they must not be allowed to begin a fresh thing while something that they have tired of remains unfinished. They must not be allowed to turn off to play while they are dressing or being dressed, or while they are at their food. It is not at all difficult, I am told, to teach a little child to be quick. It is the same with their manners. Begin early and there will be no trouble by-and-by. Your little three-year-old son can be taught to take off his hat—or, at least, to attempt to do so—as well as he can; and little girls and boys must be very early made to see that it is rude to rush into a room before their elders, and not before strangers only, but before their mother; and boys should be taught very early also not to enter a room even before a baby sister who is toddling behind them. **MARGUERITE.**

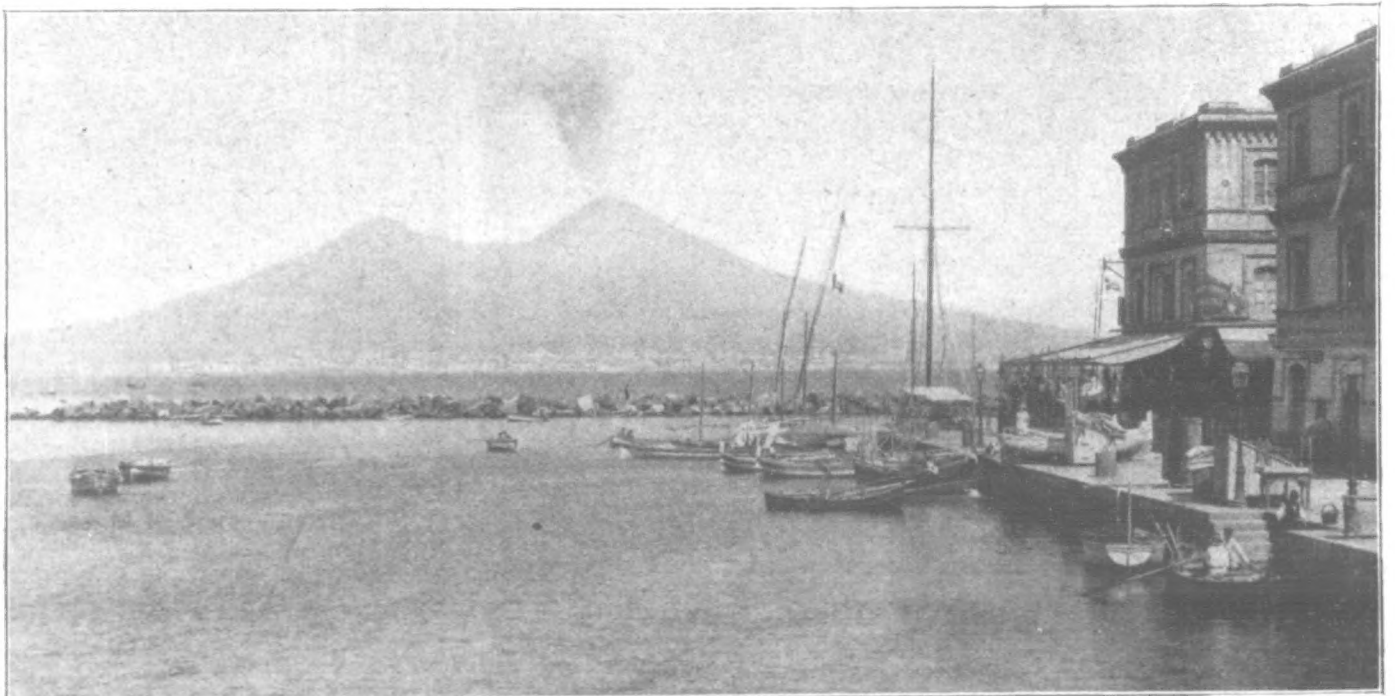


Photo. Rotary Photo. Co.

THE KING'S TOUR: THE BAY OF NAPLES, WHERE HIS MAJESTY LANDED.

VEUVIUS (IN ERUPTION) IS SHOWN IN THE BACKGROUND.

ALL THE SOCIAL NEWS OF THE WEEK (ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS).—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

**THE SIGN THAT SHOWS THE WAY**

**JOHN NOBLE**

**To High Quality Little Cost Great Economy**

**FOR ALL WHO SHOP BY POST WITH**

**A Revolution..**

in the manufacture of Ladies' and Children's Garments.

**New Materials, New Colours.**  
40 Different Colourings to select from.  
Write for New Range of Costume Patterns.  
**LATEST CATALOGUE OF FASHION POST FREE.**

**THE J. N. Zibeline DRESS LENGTHS 7/6.**

The Fashion of the Day. A Full Dress Length of Noble's Special Zibeline Cloth, Royal Hopsack (36 in. wide), or of J. N. Cheviot Serge (42 in. wide)—six yards for 7/6; carriage, 6d. The smartest and best wearing fabric the Textile World has ever produced at the price. Principal Colours: Heliotrope, Turquoise, Electric, Old Rose, Brown, Sage Green, Grey, Navy, Black, &c. **PATTERNS POST FREE.**

**MODEL 1778. From 9/-**  
Maid's Stylish Costume. Well made and nicely finished. Plain Skirt. Coat effectively braided, sketched, and can be worn open or closed. Smart well-shaped sleeves. Produced in Noble's New Zibeline Cloth, the Royal Hopsack, and J. N. Cheviot Serge. Colours as 7/6 Dress Length.

**MODEL 1816. 4/11**  
A Real Skirt Leader. The best on the market at the price. Selling in hundreds every day. It pleases to perfection. Notice the wide flare at the foot and the shapely cut. Seams carefully stitched. Finish excellent. Produced in good-wearing, good-looking Serge (Black or Navy), neatly trimmed with six rows of Braid. Inverted pleat at back; side fastenings. John Noble's price only 4/11; carriage, 6d. **Supplied in Stock Sizes Only—28, 40, and 42 in. long, and 24, 26, 28 waist.**

**MODEL 1752. 10/6**  
The Latest Design in 10/6 Costumes.  
Very smart Saco Coat, with the new Shoulder Capes. A perfect-fitting skirt. Price only 10/6. In the J. N. Special Zibeline, the New Royal Hopsack, the J. N. Cheviot Serge or good-wearing Dress Holland, Carriage, 6d. extra. Skirt alone, 5/6; carriage, 6d. Colours as 7/6 Dress Length. This Costume is also supplied in Good Wool Serge, Black or Navy, lined through; price 21/-

**JOHN NOBLE & CO. LTD. BROOK ST. MILLS LTD. MANCHESTER.**

## THE COCOA "PAR EXCELLENCE."



**Fry's** **PURE CONCENTRATED**  
**300**  
**Gold Medals,**  
**&c.** **Cocoa**

"I HAVE NEVER TASTED COCOA THAT I LIKE SO WELL."

Sir CHAS. CAMERON, C.B., M.D.,  
Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.

## TRY IT IN YOUR BATH.

### SCRUBB'S CLOUDY FLUID AMMONIA

### MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.  
Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.  
Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.  
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.  
Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.  
Invigorating in Hot Climates.  
Restores the Colour to Carpets.  
Cleans Plate and Jewellery.

Price 1s. per Bottle.  
Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.

SCRUBB & CO., Guildford Street, Lambeth, S.E.

## DENT'S TOOTHACHE GUM

### STOPS TOOTHACHE INSTANTLY.



A SWELL AFFAIR

### HOW TO USE IT

Put a small piece of gum into the mouth, and it will cure the pain in a few minutes.

### DENT'S CORN GUM CURES CORNS.

Quick Relief—Painless.

All C. S. DENT & CO. (Dept. 7),  
3, Farringdon Avenue, LONDON, E.C.

## CYCLISTS' GOODS

Immense stock, at prices that defy competition. No trash, prompt deliveries on orders by post. Brakes, Pedals, Bells, Lamps, Tyres, Inflators, Tools, Oils, Free Wheels, Bicycles, Carriers, Chains, Bags, Saddles, Road Maps, etc. Send for No. 9 catalogue, post free.  
**SYMONDS' LONDON STORES,**  
124-28, City Road, London, E.C.

## 6 CABINET PORTRAITS 3s.

6 2 D.V. 1/6; 24 Stamps, 1/6, 10 for 3/6; 8 In. Enlargement, 3/-; 10 by 8 Permanent Enlargement, 5/- Send Photo and Postal Order to **FRANCIS & CO., 20, Ludgate Hill, London. Established 1886.**

## SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS.

Most successful remedy known; permanent, harmless, and painless. Write for the penny stamp—**Stamper**—**FRANCIS & CO., Ltd., Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.**

## CAN I BECOME AN ELECTRICIAN?

Yes, you can. We teach electrical engineering at your home by mail at a cost within the reach of anyone. No matter where you live, if you can read and write, we guarantee to teach you everything you need to know to become an electrician. Our instruction is conducted by Thomas A. Edison and other leading experts of the world. You learn the most modern and complete system of electrical engineering, from the simplest to the most complicated. Electric Lighting, Telegraphy, Telephone, Electric Railways, Electric Motors, etc. etc. by mail. Write for our Free Illustrated Book. I will send you an illustrated letter to United States requires 2nd postage. The Electrical Engineering Institute of Correspondence, Instruction, Dept. 49, 240-242, West 23rd Street, New York, U.S.A.

## WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

# BEECHAM'S PILLS

FOR ALL  
**BILIOUS & NERVOUS DISORDERS,**  
**Sick Headache, Constipation, Wind,**  
**Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion,**  
**Disordered Liver & Female Ailments.**

Prepared only by the Proprietor, THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, in boxes, 1s. 13d. (36 pills) and 2s. 9d. each, with full directions. Sold everywhere.

## AWAY WITH PAIN.



**MEN** who have pain in the back, shoulders, and arms, who are wasted, and who feel gloomy, should bring them pleasure.

**WOMEN** who have that awful dragging, heavy feeling in the back, whose nerves are racked, whose stomach is out of order, and who suffer the tortures of complaints peculiar to their sex: To you

## The Dr. McLAUGHLIN CO.'S ELECTRO VIGOUR

is the dawn of new life. In it you will find relief from your pains, new strength for your nerves, good digestion, a clear brain, and in all respects a new life.

**IT CURES** Pains in the back, Pains in the limbs, Rheumatism, Varicose, Indigestion, Constipation, Paralysis, Locomotor Ataxia, Dyspepsia, Nervous Weakness, and all stomach and liver troubles. It gives new strength and health to ailing men or women.

**"SPECIAL NOTICE.**—Call and see this wonderful appliance if you can. Remember, when you use Electro Vigour you are under the care of a qualified physician. Consultation and examination free."

**FREE BOOK.**—Call or write for our beautifully illustrated 64-page book, which tells you what we know about the subject.

**THE Dr. P. I. McLAUGHLIN CO., 164, Strand, London, W.C.**  
Office Hours, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.

# "WITH THIS RING—"

BY HENRY T. JOHNSON,

AUTHOR OF "FOUND GUILTY," "BIRDS OF PREY," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER I.

"**S**TAND back!" shouted the ticket-collector, for the guard had waved his flag. But the man came with such a rush that he was through and tearing along the platform before the astounded official had sufficiently recovered himself to voice his indignation and slam the gate.

For someone else was on the point of bursting through—a woman, poorly clad, with white, set face and streaming eyes; and as the wicket closed and clicked she, seizing its bars, shook them till it rattled, shrieking in a frenzy all the while, "Dick! Dick! Come back! Come back, for the child's sake!"

But he had flown at top-speed along the platform, dodging guards and porters like a Rugby footballer slipping through his field. The whistle had gone some time; the panting train was swinging out of the station to its engine's quickening throb.

"Stand back, man! you'll be down!" "He'll be under!" the shouts went up. But no! though for a moment he lost his feet, he clung tenaciously to the handle and bar of a first-class carriage; a desperate scramble, and he was standing on the footboard as the train whirled out of the huge terminus.

"Steady! Hold on!" said two well-dressed men within the carriage, opening the door, and gripping the breaker of bye-laws by the arm, they dragged him in, closing the door.

"Thank 'ee, Sir," the man gasped, dropping into a seat and wiping the perspiration from his forehead; "that was a near squeak."

"It has really dawned on you that it was!" exclaimed one of his rescuers. "Well, my friend, unless you're particularly tired of life, I'd recommend you not to repeat the experiment."

"I won't. Much obliged to you, gentlemen." "More than we are to you," replied the other of the pair; "you deserve to be made an example of. If you choose to risk your own neck, that's your affair, but you're no right to intrude into this carriage, and as soon as we stop out you go!"

"Leave the chap alone; he's had a bit of a shock."

"Serve him thundering well right," said the other, "confound his impudence!"

"Go on with what you were saying."

"No, no, I can't till we're alone. Wish I'd locked the door. Wait till we get rid of this fellow."

And all this while that woman was standing there clenching the platform wicket-bars, not shrieking now, but only moaning, "Dick! Dick! Come back—come back, for the child's sake!"

"No use, missis, he's gone," said the ticket-collector, "and he was precious near gone for good—or bad. It was only by the skin of his teeth he got into that carriage. I'm afraid he's a bit of a bad lot. Poor soul!" for relinquishing her hold on the wicket, she had turned and staggered with weak, halting steps away across the broad flagstones of the station, through the huge arch out into the courtyard, where a homely looking man and woman waited, a frightened child between them.

"Don't cry, my dearie," the man was saying, "mamma's coming back, and she'll bring daddie too. Ah! here she comes— Oh! my God!" he murmured to the woman beside him, "he's slipped her—he's gone!"

And his wife, leaving him with the child, advanced to meet that poor soul white with anguish and desolation, who, tottering forward, sank with a wail into her arms, murmuring, "Gone! gone! he's gone— Oh! sister, he's gone, and I'm—I'm—going!"

"Sister! sister! Oh, Ben, for God's sake get some brandy—a doctor—she's ill—she's dying— Oh! Father of Mercy!—she's dead!"

Yes! they bent over the white, set face lying there, while the man, with rough gentleness, led aside and tried to pacify the child. They moistened the pallid lips, chafed the thin, white hands. But the hands were cold and rigid, the eyes were glazing, and presently, amid a silence of awe and pity, upon a covered ambulance they carried her away.

And inside one of the station-rooms the dead woman's sister, hugging the motherless child to her breast, rocking herself to and fro, moaned—

"Oh, my sister— Oh! Ben, Ben, what will become of this poor, motherless, deserted babe? Oh! Joy! Joy! I said it was a mockery for them to give a mortal child your name. Ben! Ben! what shall be done with this poor bairn?"

"That's soon settled, my dear. The poor mite's neither father nor mother now—and we, Becky dear, till now we'd neither chick nor child. That's where it's going to be all for the best. From this hour she has a father and a mother, and from this hour she's ours to love and cherish as our own."

The train slowed up as it entered Willesden Junction, and the younger of the two original occupants of the carriage turned to the intruder.

"Now look here, my friend; you'd better

clear out of this before the guard comes to take your name and address, and possibly to give you in charge."

"I was thinking about hiding under the seat," replied the intruder reflectively.

"No, you don't; if you stay here you'll find considerable trouble."

"Confound it, Jim, old chap, why not let the poor devil hide?" But the other answered, with impetuous wrath: "No, no! I'll see him hanged first! I can't understand you. I've something of vital importance to tell you. I'm dying to tell you—I must tell you—for everybody's sake, for the sake of the family name and everything; and here you'd hamper me, all to screen a fellow who chooses to cheat a railway company out of its proper fare!" Then, turning to his unwelcome fellow-passenger, he said sharply—

"You'd better clear out of this about as quickly as you can; and think yourself lucky you've got off without a broken neck!"

"All right, Guv'nor," replied the other; "it ain't for me to make a fuss. You're in a bit of a hurry to chuck me out, but thanks all the same for dragging me in."

"Not at all," replied the other. "You see, if we hadn't we should probably have been put to the further trouble of attending an inquest on you."

The object of this politeness regarded his rescuers intently without a word as they leaned back in opposite corners quietly pulling at their cigars. There was between them a similarity of feature, voice, and expression, and it was easy to guess that they were brothers; in other respects they differed; for while the elder wore the comfortable, complacent expression of one with whom the world had gone fairly well, the younger and darker had stamped upon him the discontented and impatient air of one who in life's lottery had drawn many blanks and few, if any, prizes.

"Brothers, I suppose," he said; "like enough—and yet unlike. However, that's no business of mine. I don't suppose I shall set eyes on you again."

Those were his last words as he descended to the platform immediately the train drew up, little dreaming how wide of the mark that supposition was. A few moments, and he had bundled into a carriage of his proper class.

The two first-class passengers, rid of the intruder, resumed their conversation.

"Now, Jim," said the elder, "what is the new trouble?"

The other paused for some moments, at a loss, now that the moment for speaking had arrived, how to begin.

Suddenly he blurted out: "I'm married!" and paused to note the effect of the announcement.

It was not apparent, anyway, for the listener went on smoking his cigar, the only surprise expressed being the speaker's own at his brother's absence of any.

"I've been married twelve months," he resumed, by way of a further thunderclap.

But his brother, so far from exclaiming, "Great heaven! Who would have dreamed it?" or even, "You don't say so?" scarcely raised an eyebrow.

"You don't seem particularly interested," he replied, in a tone of disappointment.

"Pardon me, Jim," the other protested. "How can you expect it? A man contracts a marriage with a lady—of course, she is a lady?" The other nodded. "Oh, that's all right—and considers the matter of so little importance to his family that he suppresses all mention of it for a matter of twelve months; then appears to be aggrieved that his belated and casual mention of the circumstance doesn't produce the shock of an earthquake."

"I know—I know, Robert, I ought to have told you long, long ago—years ago."

"You mentioned twelve months."

"Yes, but you haven't heard all the story. It's rather a difficult one to tell. A lot of things have happened during all these years I've been rambling round and round the globe; there are lots of things I've put off telling you."

"Procrastination always was your failing, and you've often had to suffer for it."

"I know—I know, but it's never led to consequences so terrible as in the case I'm going to tell you."

"Bad as that, old man?"

"Bad as it can be, Bob; and it wasn't all procrastination. It was circumstance, fate, predestination—Kismet. Oh! it doesn't matter what you call it—it's done—done; and what I've got to grapple with now is how far the evil can be undone."

He leaned back on the cushions of his corner, moodily gazing at the landscape that now whirled by as the express tore along through widening pastures.

"Come, come," said the other, in a kinder tone, "I'd no idea there was any trouble out of the common. Tell me all about it, Jim, and let's see if I can be of any help."

"Ah! that's like you," said the other gratefully; "that's like the dear old chap of the dear old days! It's easier now. Meg was right when she told me to come straight to you and make a clean breast of it. Meg always is right—right and rough."

"Go ahead. But first, may I inquire the name of the lady I have the honour to claim as sister-in-law?"

"Certainly; and I hope you'll let me bring her to Glyndon Court."

"You hope? Why, of course! Why, by Jove! old man, I'm getting on towards the red and yellow, and I don't feel any more inclined than ever to go into double harness. Of course the Honourable Mrs. Jim will come to Glyndon! She may some day have to preside there—I'm the elder of us two. But I say, Jim, what on earth will Kenneth say, and what will Mrs. Kenneth say? I suppose the wish is father to the thought, but that dear, good woman has always looked on both of us as confirmed bachelors and on her boy Roddie as the future heir to the estates and title. Jim, it strikes me this may upset her apple-cart. Still, what's done is done. But why on earth have you kept the thing so secret all these months?"

"All these years, Bob."

"What!" The elder man sat up at last, then said deliberately—

"Look here, old chap, what you've said so far pretty well convinces me that you've said nothing compared with what you have to say. Years, eh? Come on, let's have the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

"Very well. You know I've been, except for an occasional run home, away from England for the last fifteen years, and in that time I've been living in turns in pretty well every country except my own, mixing with all sorts of people except my own."

"True, and everybody has been wondering why you dropped out so strangely."

"Well, Bob, you may remember someone else who, fifteen years or so back, also dropped out—a woman."

"Fifteen years ago? What are you driving at? So many drop out, men and women."

"But you remember Helen Tyrrell?"

"Helen Tyrrell! Jim! what does it all mean?"

"It means, Bob, that by some means or other there's a great wrong to be undone. There's reparation to be made late in the day—oh, yes, wickedly late—but, please God, not too late—surely not too late."

But he was wrong; it was too late. There was a crash, a roar, an impact that sent each man thudding against the side facing him, a huge upheaval, a swirling and mad plunging and whirling round and round and over and over, a splintering and smashing of iron and timbers, a crash of glass, the whirl of upturned wheels, the hissing of steam, the shouts of men, the shrieks of women; then one mightier crash than all as the derailed carriages plunged over the embankment and rolled down the steep, lying splintered, contorted, misshapen, as if they had been the broken toys of peevish, childish Titans.

By-and-by help came; the breakdown gang with trucks and derricks, doctors, nurses, volunteers of all sorts and conditions, and out of two carriages whose couplings had fortunately snapped before those ahead of them had derailed there clambered men and women, white with the horror of the fate they so narrowly had missed. And these too lent a hand.

"Just my luck!" said the man who had intruded into, and been ordered from, that hapless first-class carriage, gazing on one unconscious form from which the doctors were cutting and ripping away the clothing. "I've got a Tit-Bits, an Answerer, a Pearson's, a Cass B's, and a Sloper stuffed in my pocket, and I ain't got a scratch, and that poor chap just missed buying a coupon paper at Willesden 'cause the boy hadn't change, poor fellow!"

And by-and-by, still lending a helping hand along with the rescue-party, he arrived at the awful wreckage at the foot of the embankment. Clearing away right in the thick of it, they found two stalwart, handsome men of middle age—brothers: for not only were the hands clasped in one last, rigid grip, but—

As sometimes in a dead man's face,  
To those that watch it more and more,  
A likeness, hardly seen before,  
Comes out—to someone of his race—

so in each grave, immovable countenance, those who in sadness gazed upon them saw the reflection of the other. And the man who had begun that fateful journey with them, regarding the older, fairer face, said beneath his breath—

"You was kind; you'd have let me stop there. Just what I said afore: 'It's the kindest hearts as does the unkindest things.' Then, turning his gaze to that other face, darker, but now just as calm and peaceful, he murmured: "You was a bit hard, but your advice was best. You kept me out of trouble; drove me out of it. It was the other was my pal; but the old saying's right, 'Save me from my friends!'"

## CHAPTER II.

**I**N the sitting-room of a Southampton hotel, a boy stood gazing at the ceaseless stream of the dock traffic, the forests of masts, the big funnels, and the sheds. A handsome woman near him sat watching alternately the lad there at the window and the clock ticking on the mantelpiece. Presently the lad, too, glanced at the clock.

"Eight o'clock. Confound it!" he said.

"When will they bring up the letters?"

"Presently, dear, presently," his mother answered; "the post has not come in yet."

"I wish it would make haste," he answered, with all the impatience of fourteen years. "Two days in Southampton is quite enough for me. Oh, mother, I do so want to get to London. Do you think we shall be sure to go to-day?"

"Quite sure, dear, unless we go straight to Glyndon."

"By Jove! That would be better still," said

Don't Look Old.—With advancing years greyness increases. Stop this with LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. LOCKYER'S large bottles everywhere.—[ADVT.]

the youngster. "London is all right, but then it belongs to everybody; and Glyndon belongs to our own people. Mightn't Glyndon some day belong to me?"

"I don't think so, dear; there are others. Your uncle may marry."

"Oh, yes, but he's getting on—forty-five—"

"Yes, yes, Dermot, dear, but I'm always telling you you mustn't build such castles—mustn't lay up for yourself a store of disappointment. The Fairfaxes marry late as a rule."

"Not always—father didn't; and here am I fourteen years old. I say, mother, it's awfully nice being swells. I always knew we were swells, but I'd no idea we were quite such swells as we are in England. What I can't make out is why on earth you and my father have lived so long everywhere but in England. Why, mother, father is the next brother to Uncle Robert."

"Yes, dear."

"Why, then, if anything happened to Uncle Robert father would come into the title and estate."

"Yes, yes; but don't talk too much about those things; I don't understand them."

"Why, a child could understand; if my father succeeded his brother I in my turn shall come in for everything. Why—hullo—mother, there's the postman crossing the street, going away. Why on earth don't they bring up our letters; confound the people!" He rang a bell; and on the appearance of a waiter demanded with angry impatience, "Why on earth don't you bring up our letters?"

"Beg pardon, Sir," said the man with a smiling shrug, "there are no letters for you."

"What on earth does it mean, mother?"

"I can't imagine, Dermot dear; your father promised to write without fail. Never mind, there may be a later post or a telegram. Come in!"

It was again the waiter, this time with no smile on his face.

"I beg pardon, Madam," he said; "could you spare the proprietor a moment?"

"By all means," she exclaimed in wonderment; "show him in here."

"I beg your pardon, Madam, but as a great favour would you object to stepping downstairs into the managerial office?"

"I really—"

"It's rather important, Madam; my master told me to ask you to acquit him of any presumption in making the request."

Impressed by something in the man's face betokening something left unsaid of more importance than the message he had delivered, she followed, wondering, in silence. And the boy waited there alone, also wondering, and ejaculating, "What infernal cheek!" For some moments he paced the room, seeking a solution to the problem. What was the matter? Not money, for he knew his mother had plenty. He gave it up absolutely, and waited till his mother should return with the solution. He waited a considerable time, and was just upon the point of following downstairs when the door opened and she entered, bearing in one hand a newspaper, her face white as its margin.

"Mother! what on earth is the matter?" cried the boy fretfully, for his nerves were strung to their utmost tension by anticipation, delay, uncertainty.

"Dermot, my boy—my darling! Oh! my son, my son, prepare yourself for news—bad news, appalling news—my poor, poor boy!"

"What's the matter?" he asked. But she could not speak—could only point with trembling hand to the paper she spread upon the table as she sank into a chair.

He followed with his gaze that hand, seeing it through a mystic blur, and in the centre of that blur, in large print, clear headlines—

## APALLING RAILWAY WRECK!

### MANY LIVES LOST!!

EARL OF SHEEN AND THE HON. JAMES FAIRFAX AMONG THE KILLED!!

He stood there a moment petrified, incapable of speech or thought. The weeping, widowed mother clasped his hand, murmuring, "My boy, my boy!" Then, after a while, her heart frozen by his long, uncanny silence, she, looking up, whispered: "Speak to me, Dermot! Dermot, let me hear your voice; speak to me, for mercy's sake!"

"Father dead—Uncle Robert dead!" he said at last, in long, low, hushed accents. "Why, then, mother, I am Earl of Sheen—Earl of Sheen and Viscount Laleham in the peerage of the United Kingdom and Baron Bantry in the peerage of Ireland. Glyndon Court is mine, Laleham House, in London, is mine—"

"Dermot, Dermot! for God's sake don't!" his mother cried.

"Why not?" he answered sullenly. "It's mine—mine! one may claim one's own."

"No, no! don't talk of it, dream of it. Oh, Dermot, think—you have lost your father—"

"Yes, yes, I know, mother, and I'm sorry, very sorry. I'd have liked him to have had his innings; I'd have been content with being Viscount Laleham for years and years—"

"Oh, child, don't—don't—"

"I'm not a child, mother; I'm a temporal peer of the realm, though a minor, childhood lies far behind me, so does boyhood now. I'm not sure after all, that I shall go to school. We'll have a tutor, mother, till I go up to Oxford. Poor, poor father—I'm so sorry. You'll tell the people to address me as my Lord—"

"Dermot! Dermot!"

"I know, I know; don't think me callous. I'm not, I really mourn my father. I wonder

SULPHUR SKIN LOTION.—The only effective remedy for SKIN TROUBLES. SULPHUR quickly drives away Eruptions, Pimples, Eczema, Acne, Blackheads and all Disfigurements, developing a fair, spotless skin and beautiful complexion. SULPHUR LOTION, 1s. Bottles.—[ADVT.]

which died first, whether, after all, he died Earl of Sheen or predeceased his brother! Why, they'll be at their wits' ends to know whether I'm the tenth or the eleventh Earl of Sheen."

"Dermot! silence!"

"Yes, yes, I know, mother; and oh! I'm so sorry for you; it's such a blow to you. I can understand you couldn't speak. Yes, mother, it was a hard story for you to tell."

"Dermot, Dermot! my son—my son!" she wailed, clasping her hands; "there's something else to tell—something harder, something worse."

"What do you mean?" he asked quickly, almost harshly. "What is it? You know I don't like mysteries. Out with it; tell me—tell me now!"

"Oh, no, no!" she cried, "not now—not now! Wait—it's too—too terrible."

"What do you mean, mother?" he cried, seized by a vague and sudden terror. "Come! come! you must, you shall tell me now; let me know the worst! You don't mean," he whispered hoarsely, "that Lord Sheen has left heirs—that there has been a secret marriage—nothing of that kind?"

"No, no; not that!" she groaned; and he exclaimed, "Thank heaven!" and throwing himself into an arm-chair, said, "Now I can bear the worst."

There was silence, a silence of many minutes that seemed to him so many hours—a silence broken only by the woman's pitiful sobs until at last she spoke.

"Well, then, Dermot, since you will know, since you will have to know, perhaps it is best for you to know the worst at once, best for the trouble, the great sorrow of your life, to come all in one avalanche." She paused again.

"Go on," he cried in angry, hoarse impatience; "go on, I tell you; I'm not a coward; the Earl of Sheen is not the man to flinch from trouble."

"Dermot, my son—oh! God help me!—you are not the Earl of Sheen!"

"Not the Earl!" he cried, springing to his feet. "You are dreaming, raving—it's there in print; grief has turned your brain."

"No, no, not yet; but I think it will; there's more to tell. Boy, don't look at me while I tell it, though perhaps you'll never look on me the same again."

He went to the window, his flesh creeping with the strange, sickly horror at his heart.

"And now for it!" in hoarse, guttural tones he repeated, clenching his teeth, clenching his hands as though they yearned to tear the secret from her throat.

"You know," she said, "that you are fourteen years old."

"Yes."

"Your father and I were married—"

"Yes," came in a deep breath of relief.

"—Twelve months ago."

There was a horrible silence; she finding no articulate sound that could express the anguish of her heart, he no imprecation, oath, blasphemy, or curse huge enough to interpret the hell of horror at his own.

### CHAPTER III.

WHEN at last Dermot Fairfax began again to understand anything, he understood many things which previously had remained beyond his comprehension. As, for instance, why his father and mother, connected directly and collaterally with some of the first families in England, had for so long elected to live anywhere and everywhere except in England, and how it came to pass that while his father seemed to be in touch with the English circle in whatsoever foreign capital they happened to be sojourning in or passing through, his mother made upon and received from English people so few calls. And, again, why his parents were as reticent as he was inquisitive regarding the family and homeland connections.

How the Hon. Mrs. James Fairfax lived through the next few days she could never tell, she only knew she never lived them down. There was a frantic journey to the scene, the ordeal of identification, explanation, the inquest, and all the while the boy to be kept in the background but in touch with. She could scarcely have gone through it all unaided but that, she thanked Heaven, that dark hour sent her Meg. She had reached the remote country inn where they had laid him, had looked upon the face for the first time unresponsive to her gaze, and, seeking her room, had gained her heart's desire for solitude. But only for a while; for by-and-by a visitor was announced, and with a glance at the card they brought her, she whispered, "Meg!" Then to the servant: "Show Lady Margaret in here," and withdrew into the dusk of the curtain shadows, wondering what his sister was bringing—whether the anguish of her scorn or the balm of her compassion.

Yes, it was Meg who entered. Helen, through her mist of tears, saw the younger brother in the dark, thoughtful eyes, with their pencilled brows, and in the perfect profile of the comely face that still retained its peachy bloom, although the wealth of wavy hair was all in spun silver; so that, attired in chintz and old brocade, with just a beauty-patch upon the dimpled chin, a breath of patchouli and bergamot, one could deem her Ladyship of the Court of Versailles rather than St. James—a dame of high degree of the days of Louis Quinze who had lost her way and wandered into these of England's Seventh Edward.

She crossed the dusky room in silence; without a word, took the widowed woman's hand.

"So you are Helen," she said.

"Yes. Tell me please, Lady Margaret, what you know of me, and what more; then I shall better know what there remains to tell."

"I know all the story."

"All the bitter past?"

"Yes, yes; but I haven't come to talk to you of that. What we have to think about is the future—the boy's future and yours."

"No, no, not mine; leave me out of it. I know what I am going to do. I've done with the world. God knows it hasn't been so kind to me that I shall mind leaving it. But the boy—the boy—the poor, wronged, injured boy! Did James tell you of him?"

"Yes. Of course that is the worst part of it; but we must face matters as they are. There is no will, I suppose?"

"None; and there was little to be left."

"Just like Jim. Dear, dear! from the time he was a tiny boy nearly all his life I have nagged him for his thriftlessness, and procrastination. And now it's all over with Jim; but it's far from all over with the consequences of his carelessness. Tell me, how did the boy take it—did he know?"

"He knew nothing till within an hour of learning of Jim's death."

There was a silence for quite a while; then Lady Meg whispered, "What a task for you!" And, after another pause, "But you must make the best of it. After all, Jim did the right thing as soon as he could: he left you the Honourable Mrs. James Fairfax."

"Yes, but the boy—the boy."

"Well, we must do the best we can for him."

Kenneth, of course, takes the title and estates. We can't expect him to do what Jim and I were trying to induce Robert to do. Robert was a bachelor, and he'd made up his mind to remain one. Jim was his heir-apparent, and it would have been quite fair for the two of them to have joined in barring the entail as far as they could, so as to have made a fair provision for the boy, though, of course, Glyndon Court and the estates must have followed the title. But it's too late for that now: Kenneth comes into all, and he has a son and heir who will take the courtesy title."

"Yes," said Mrs. Jim, "the third son and his boy take all, and the son of the second son takes nothing. It is very hard."

Worldly Lady Meg shrugged her shoulders. "My child, if people's parents will ignore the provisions of the Constitution—well, people must blame their parents, not other people. But, no, it's no good in wasting time in blaming. Kenneth is not a bad fellow; I'm sure he'll do his best. I shall insist upon it."

"Jim used to say you were more like a mother than a sister to all of them."

"Well, even my father didn't regret his eldest child being born a girl more than I did, and I suppose that accounted for my taking as much conceit as possible out of my brothers. But I've already spoken to Kenneth, and though the estates are so strictly entailed that he won't be able to do much, as I have said, he will do what he can. Dermot will always be received at Glyndon as a kinsman, and every care will be taken to discountenance inconvenient remarks and inquiries. His maintenance and education will be my charge, so make your mind easy on that score; you've quite enough to face in other ways."

"God reward you, I can't," said the other, and she would have kissed the hand she held but that Lady Meg snapped out, "For Heaven's sake, woman, no scenes! I don't want to be canonised for behaving with common decency. The next thing to consider is your own future. It appears there's likely to arise a nice legal question which of the two boys died first," and here there was a slight quaver in the aristocratic, metallic voice. "If Jim survived Robert for ever such a little while the title would have passed to him, and you are, as Helen, Countess of Sheen, entitled to your dower. Kenneth and I are agreed that your interests must be looked after on that point."

But the widow wailed, "All that is nothing now to me: I only want to see my boy provided for, and then I shall find some sisterhood, hide myself in some retreat, and pass my life within its walls and cloisters, for I can never look my son, my idol, in the face again."

She kept her word! Honourably—indeed, the world said chivalrously—the Earl of Sheen afforded his brother's widow every opportunity and every assistance in the matter; but circumstances were against her. Survivors of the catastrophe deposed in the course of the inquest to what happened during the last moments of the noble brothers. How Robert, ninth Earl of Sheen, called out, "Jim! Jim! how is it with you, my brother?"—the other answering, "It's all over with me, Bob. You were always so good to me, dear old Bob, and you'll be good, won't you, to Nellie and the boy." Then how the groaning ceased, the handsome head fell back, and the eyes closed in the last, long sleep that brought relief and rest from agony. They told, too, that the last words of the ninth Earl of Sheen were—"Hark! help's coming; alas! too late for my poor brother Jim, too late, too late for me. Jim, Jim, I'm coming through the dark: I'm not far behind. The night has parted us. Good-bye, Jim; but we shall meet again—in the morning."

What the evidence and finding meant to her in worldly ways Helen Fairfax neither knew nor recked; her heart was broken, and she had died and was at rest in the little cemetery of her sisterhood long ere the ten years had passed which found her boy a man, proud, imperious, intolerant of discipline, with always gnawing at his heart and brain one cankerous worm—the remembrance of the wrong that he had suffered, suffered at the hands of the social system regulating the world he lived in, the world that had not spared him, and that he swore he never would spare should time or opportunity give in his hold the lash or sword wherewith to smite it.

### CHAPTER IV.

"TIME!"

Sleek, fierce, and lithe as panthers, the two giants, trained to the hour, left their corners and faced each other in the midst of a tense and breathless hush. A faint, a sudden swift pattering of feet, a counter-feint, a swift, fierce compound of a thud and a click, and the burlier one swirled round, crashed down, then, rolling over, with his arms flung out full length to right and left, lay there, face upwards, inanimate; his conqueror, stepping back a few paces, waiting and watching alert as a greyhound in the slips, for it is to him who knows how to wait that all things come.

And then a man sprang into the ring and counted, watch in hand—

"One—two—three"—right up to ten; then, with a judicial air, he said, "Gentlemen, Jack Fadden is the winner!"

It was all over; the tense hush crashed up in a babel. Again it was the unexpected that had happened. All the elaborate preparations, calculation, the work and outlay, all the doubts, all the hopes, that one swift, swinging blow had ended all. The contest, expected to be prolonged, and desperate between the two gladiators, so evenly matched in strength, stamina, science, and fierce courage, was ended almost at its beginning.

Slowly, as it were, hesitatingly, by degrees the crowd loosened and began to filter out of the "saloon," one section of it in a somewhat sullen mood. These were the backers of the loser, who felt they had assisted, at a fiasco without the gratification even of a fight for their money. Here and there was a jingle of gold and silver changing hands, and among the group of well-dressed, well-groomed young men in one corner, strangely out of place in that somewhat sinister crowd, there was the rustle of crisp bank-notes in passing—a sound not lost on the quick ears of close-cropped, bullet heads.

"Laleham, you've the luck of the devil!" remarked one, a handsome, dark youth, to his companion, a youngster whose pale, clear-cut features, fair hair, and sky-blue eyes hinted at the Danish strain in the Briton. "I made sure Barney would have won the fight, and being sure has cost me a couple of ponies. That's suits."

With a careless laugh the other pocketed the five "tenners" that made them quits.

"I'm sorry, old man, you hadn't a better show for your money. I never really expected to win on such a fluke. Never mind, better luck next time."

"Perhaps," said the other, with a laugh; "but it seems to me luck favours those who want it least—chaps like you, born with silver—no, golden, spoons in your mouth."

"Never mind, Dermot," chimed in a dandy young Guardsman at his elbow; "you generally get your own back in the long run."

"Really! Infernally kind of you to interest yourself in my affairs, Capel."

There might have been a tiff but that three or four voices chorused, "Where are we going now?" "What are we to do with the evening?"

"Let's find some fun somewhere?" "Get out of this quarter!" "No! let's explore it." For it was a far cry to St. James's Street, whence that handful of smart young men had journeyed east. Their hansom were not returning for an hour—the precipitate knock-out had upset all calculations.

The neighbourhood, minus the attraction of a knuckle-fight, was scarcely one to linger in—the guide, philosopher, and friend who had brought them to it frankly said as much, noting the lynx-eyes fixed from under scowling bullet-brows upon the watch-chains and other jewellery, plain but good, worn by the unwise men from the West, and the crisp notes that changed pocket-books at the premature and sudden termination of the conflict.

But these devil-may-care young gentlemen, having come in quest of fun, were bent on finding it, and neither the warnings nor the pleading of their cicerone could dissuade them, after trooping out of the back shed improvised into a battle-ground, from swarming into one after another of the low-pitched, grimy, reeking, evil-looking drinking-dens, whose lights blinked bleak in the darkness of the squalid streets. And this notwithstanding that step by step the straggling band of their lurching followers increased, and closed up, and foreboding mutterings were in the air.

Albeit that since the days of Solomon there has been nothing new under the sun, before and since his days humanity has craved for novelty. How else could they themselves have accounted for it, that band of golden youths, mostly sprigs of old nobility, that they, whose fastidiousness was the despair of club chefs, to whom choice vintages were among the few things to be venerated, swarmed with noisy, rollicking laughter into the sordid bars, drinking the fiery new-potato spirit in various thin disguises, even the treacherous beer and porter from bruised and dingy pewter tankards.

"You idiots, come on out of it!" impatiently and despairingly expostulated, the very chum who an hour previously had so gallily led them to the purlieus, out of which he now vainly sought to hustle them. "Don't you see 'the boys' are on the job?" But his exhortation was drowned in a chorus of howls and laughter.

"The boys? The boys be hanged!" shouted the breezy, fair-haired youngster nearest him. "Dermot, old man, here's Brenon finking it."

"Finking be hanged!" replied the ex-amateur middle-weight champion and pride of the Westralian market. "I don't mind a dust-up, Laleham, but they're a wrong lot shadowing us; they're on the look-out not for larks, but plunder. You don't know—"

"And don't care a hang!" replied the youngster, as stubborn as he was happy-go-

lucky. "Dermot, old man, we don't care for anybody, do we? The boys! You and I could clear out the best of them, couldn't we?"

"Make rings round them," the speaker replied to the scowling, covert glances of the ill-kempt, ill-favoured group huddled in the next compartment with an insolent smile, revealing a row of white teeth that glistened beneath the black moustache, defiant as the somewhat deep-set black eyes.

"Hush! hush!" the swarthy, opulently moulded daughter of the ancient race whispered warningly across the bar; then to the younger man, "My dear, take your other friend's advice, them's a wicked lot yonder. You're the wrong thort to be knocking about down here. You don't know—you don't know, and you're a nithe young fellow; it'll be a thame for you to be laid out for the few thoreignth you've got in your pocket."

"My dear girl, they've got to do it first: they wouldn't do it while my pal's here, would they, Dermot? Come along, my dear; all these tankards again all round; and I say, look here, don't you know, you'll take a glass of wine with us, won't you, and buy a pair of gloves to-morrow with the change."

"For God's sake don't show gold like that! Oh! if Ikey were only here I'd put the coppers on the track of the gang. Yeth! yeth! my dear, I'll have a glath of wine with you, if you'll promise to go thraight out—oh, do, do! They're such a bad lot, and they're on the job—our governorth's in with them!"

The warning came none too soon. The door of the partition swung open, and a trio of hulking ruffians lurched in, colliding heavily with the dapper stockbroker, who replied warningly—

"Now, steady there! Mind what you're about! I know your game; but you haven't such a soft job on as you imagine. Would you?"

In an instant he gripped the wrist of the hand upon his chain, repaid the flush hit he received with one between his assailant's eyes, and the two others who plunged savagely upon him staggered back before the well-directed blows of the two who had mocked his counsels. In a moment all was uproar.

"Down 'em!" "Put 'em through it!"

"Run the rule over 'em!" "Rally, boys, shoulder to shoulder, and hit like blazes!" These and other cries mingled with the babel of oaths, execrations, the smashing of glass, the crash of overturned tables, and the scream of the terrified burmaid, who, leaping on a barrel inside the bar, trembling and agast, watched the desperate battle swaying around her. Desperate it was and more protracted than certain parties to it had imagined; neither did its tide justify their anticipations. "The boys," to quote one of their number rejoicing in a nasal twang, "had sliced a bigger chunk than they could chew." One or two of the well-dressed strangers went down in the sawdust stunned, with threads of crimson streaming across faces suddenly pallid, but these were to the full avenged by their companions. Brenon abundantly bore witness that he had not lost in Capel Court the science acquired at Harrow and Cambridge; the Guards subaltern who had gone through South Africa without a scratch went down from a blow from behind; but Rachel from her pedestal watched the nice boy with the fair hair, for whose safety she had been especially solicitous, flooring more than one race-course terror, sunshiny, breezy, full of fun as ever.

But the other, a few years his senior, with the gleaming black eyes and the white teeth, was fighting as though to kill. One after another the would-be assailants reeled from before his savage, vengeful blows; more than one, seeing others felled like bullocks, went down avoiding them. Louder and louder rose the shouting turmoil, but it was the shouts of one side now that made it, and they who had followed intent on robbery with violence were shouting, "Open the doors! Clear out of it; this pool's too hot for me." "Guv'nor! hold hard!" and Boniface himself, disappointed by the turn of events, shouted hoarsely to the still elevated, but now less terrified Hebe, handing her a whistle, "Rachel! run upstairs and blow this; I'll make these rowdy toffs pay all the damage!"

All at once there was a lull in the storm—the rammers had for the most part had enough; the victors themselves were perhaps not loth to take a breathing spell.

But two men kept on fighting—one the terror of even that desperate quarter, the other the man called Dermot, and the terror was getting the worst of it. And each time attempt was made to answer his appeal for aid, the fair-haired boy stepped out, and the would-be reinforcement stepped or staggered back.

"Here, Guv'nor, time!" "Chuck it!"

"You're too good!" "Lemme alone!"

"I'm done!" These and other appeals came in deep gasps in the brief intervals of the raining blows, before which the local terror spun round and staggered like a teetotum or other toy; and at last his comrades joined in the appeal.

"You've given 'im enough!" "Ere! call your man orf!" "E's too 'ot!" And at last Dermot's companions themselves shouted, "Steady, he's had enough; let him go now!"

But to such as would have laid a restraining hand upon him he turned swift and fierce as a tiger, and once again flung himself on his panting adversary, laced his arms round him, and, locking him with knee and ankle, beat down on face and form another avalanche of blows.

And at last the fair lad, throwing himself upon him, cried, "Dermot, you'll kill the fellow—you shan't do any more to him!"

"Stand back, curse you!" exclaimed the other, livid with rampant lust of cruelty; "if

you interfere I'll—” But just in time the doors swung inwards, a sergeant and two constables plunged into the compartment, separated the combatants, then, their back to the door, took stock of the situation. The landlord's voluble flow of denunciation was unceremoniously checked.

“We know all about it,” said the sergeant; “you’ve been in it all the time; we’ve had our eye on you. Now, gentlemen, who do you charge?”

“Charge? What rot! We’ve had a bit of fun; there’s no extra charge. Have a drink, sergeant?” laughed the young Devil-may-care, “and all you fellows!”

“Take my advice and get out of it, Sir,” said the sergeant; “you’ve held your own or you might have had bad luck: these chaps aren’t too particular what they fight with. I wonder their knives haven’t been busy as it is. By Jove! they’ve caught a tartar this time!”

But mine host, not inclined to let his guests get off so cheaply, commenced a tale of wanton violence and devastation, with an inventory of irreparable damage, concluding with a demand for the names and addresses of the alleged delinquents.

“Very well, then,” replied the sergeant, “if you think it good enough to see it through, Aaron; only, mind you, you’re skating on thin ice.” And forthwith the sergeant promptly began to enter the names of the well-dressed party of youngsters—at all events, the names of Smith, Brown, Jones, Robinson, Jenkins, Wilkins, and other patronymics not unfamiliar to all directories circulated beneath that sun which never sets on British soil. On the proposition of Devil-may-care, seconded by the exponent of stockbroking and boxing, a gold collection was made for the police and Miss Rachel; and a little later the unwelcome men who journeyed East in search of excitement, and found rather more than they bargained for, traversed districts where the streets ran wider, and, like their people, cleaner, but still they wandered in an unknown country. Occasionally they dived within swing-doors with glass panels inscribed “Saloon” or “Glasses Only” in quest of information—and other things—perhaps their most enthusiastic raid being on the establishment of a bewildered hairdresser, whose premises they commandeered to the extent of very welcome and well-paid-for washes and brush-ups. Presently, surrounding a stolid policeman, they elicited the information that they were in the neighbourhood of Hoxton, and inquiries as to the whereabouts of Hoxton were replied to with recommendations to pass along and not come any larks! But it was larks they were intent upon, and accordingly one section of the roysterers, wheeling round, made for a gorgeous, glittering archway described in blazing letters as the Hoxton Alhambra, while the remainder strode along in quest of hansoms or anything on wheels to bear them westward.

“Hullo!” shouted presently young Devil-may-care, gazing at an illuminated placard inscribed “DANCING.” “Oh, my young friends, listen to the band!” for from the house thus labelled floated the strains of cornet, harp, and

violin, and scenting further fun, the party filed along a narrow passage, and, bewildering the janitor with largesse exceeding the rest of his takings, bundled through a green baize door into an oblong hall filled with a throng of dancers

(To be continued.)

### PLAYGOER P.S.

**T**HE oldest singing master in the world is Manuel Garcia, who has just completed his ninety-seventh year. He was also the inventor of the laryngoscope, the value of which in treating ailments of the throat is fully recognised by vocalists and the medical profession. Born in Madrid, March 17, 1805, he commenced his artistic career early, and in 1825 went to America, after which he remained for some time in Paris. He quitted the stage in 1829, and devoted himself to teaching, and, wonderful to relate, he is still a professor at the Royal Academy of Music. Many celebrated vocalists were pupils of his, the most renowned being Jenny Lind. The name of Garcia has for nearly a century been famous on the operatic stage.

“The Nibelungen Ring,” Wagner’s most famous work—or series of works—commenced its first cycle at the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, on Monday last. At present we can only speak from witnessing a dress-rehearsal, which gave promise of a magnificent representation. Originally produced at Bayreuth in 1876, under the direction of Dr. Richter, it was first seen in London at the old Her Majesty’s Theatre in 1882. Then it was generally greeted with amazement mingled with amusement, and one of the most distinguished critics wrote in a very satirical vein of the “Ring.” But now the genius of the composer has conquered the entire world of music, and the work is regarded as a masterpiece. Certainly we have heard nothing finer in music than some portions of the “Ring.”

Miss Ellen Terry’s scheme for her season at the Imperial Theatre included the production of two new plays. One of these, “The Vikings,” has appeared, and can only be performed a few nights more. Before bringing out her second new venture, Miss Terry will be seen in “Much Ado About Nothing,” which is already in rehearsal. The promise of seeing the delightful actress in such a delightful play is more attractive than any number of “Viking” shows and in a few days she will revive Shakespeare’s charming comedy.

Mr. Bigwood, the popular comedian of the Britannia Theatre, will shortly retire, after forty-one years’ service—thirty-six as comedian and stage-manager and five as acting-manager. He first served under Mr. Lane, then under Mrs. Sara Lane. The veteran, who was a very dry and quaint comic actor, and who we remember in

a travesty of “Hamlet,” as the Ghost, a part he made extremely funny, intends to quit the stage, and will probably go into hotel business at some popular seaside resort. Wherever he goes the good wishes of thousands will follow him, for, like his amiable manageress, he was beloved by everybody.

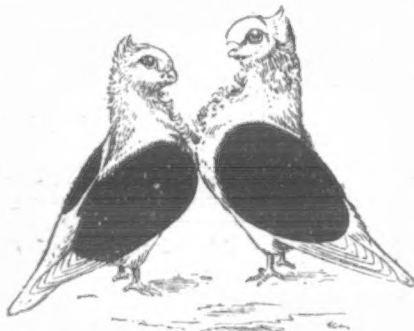
Admirers of our great native dramatist, Mr. Pinero, will be pleased to hear that a French version of his latest play, “Iris,” has been prepared for Madame Bernhardt’s Adelphi campaign, which commences on Saturday, June 13, when the divine Sarah will appear as the heroine. She will also be seen in several of her famous characters, but we fancy her rendering of Iris will be the greatest success of all. Certainly it will be the most interesting item of the series. Madame Bernhardt will give new vitality to a character which has been somewhat misunderstood.

“The School-Girl” can hardly be ready for production before the first week in May, possibly even the second.—Mr. Arthur Roberts has had great success with “Bill Adams” at Belfast and elsewhere. He will be in London soon.—The “Gallery First-Nighters” have found a new home. The George the Fourth, Haddon Street, Regent Street, W., is the present meeting-place of these sturdy patrons of the drama. We mention this because some doubts were expressed on the Nellie Farren Night by more than one critic as to the locality where the “Gallery First-Nighters” could be found.—The great feature of “Dante,” from a spectacular point of view, will be the Inferno with its seven scenes.

### “P.I.P.” Farmer and Gardener.

#### Fancy Pigeons.

**S**EVERAL times during the year I am asked by youthful correspondents to give a note in this column on fancy pigeons, a proof that interest in the delightful hobby of pigeon-breeding is well maintained. Space does not admit of giving particulars of the many varieties, but for profit none can be



FANCY PIGEONS.

better recommended than show and flying homers—distinct varieties—archangels, Jacobins, English owls, magpies, and turbits. There is not so great a demand for the nun as was the case some years ago, and Antwerps also are not so fashionable as they were. Any of my readers desiring full descriptions and characteristics of any of the breeds will be supplied on receipt of an inquiry, for, an old keeper of pigeons, I am still interested in them, and ready to oblige younger members of the craft. A sure sign that a pigeon is out of sorts—I may tell my Dullingham correspondent—is that it is morose and spiritless. The eye is dull and heavy, the plumage drenched, loose, and soft; the mouth loses its brightness, and at times is slimy and sticky; the appetite is bad or variable, digestion impaired, and voice thick and inactive. In some cases the nostrils are moist, the breathing laboured, the joints swollen, or there may be deposits in the mouth, throat, or other parts.

#### Japonica.

According to that excellent authority *Gardening Illustrated*, Japonica, of all the medium-sized shrubs ever brought to this country, is the most beautiful, precious,



PYRUS JAPONICA.

and hardy. The wild or original form deserves all these terms, but when we think that this type has broken into a number of beautiful colours, with scarcely a bad one among them, and varying almost infinitely from rose to salmon-pink and creamy white, it is difficult to over-estimate its value. It is hardy as a crab and thrives almost anywhere, but flowers best on warm soils. It is often trained on walls, which is by no means necessary in the South, so that people do not see its full natural grace, except, perhaps, on a neglected house or cottage, growing away from the wall. In warm, good soils, it is best to make a group of it on a sunny bank. All these beautiful things do not, like so many rarities, both here and green-house plants, cost much money to get, but are within everybody’s reach, being grown in many nurseries in England and on the Continent in great variety. Just now it is in its prime, at all events in Sussex.

#### All Rural Readers

should make it a point to order *The Penny Illustrated Paper* to be sent them by their newsgassers regularly every Friday morning. Don’t leave it to chance. Order it in advance to prevent disappointment.

N.B.—The “P.I.P. Farmer” will be pleased to reply to rural questions sent to him through the Editor of *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, 198, Strand, W.C.

### INTERNATIONAL FIRE EXHIBITION.

Under the Auspices of the British Fire Prevention Committee. WILL BE OPENED ON WEDNESDAY 6th May, by H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, R.G. OPEN DAILY 12 noon till 11 p.m. Admission, 1s. Season Tickets, 10s. 6d. Fire Prevention and Fire Fighting Appliances. Fire Calls, Salvage and Ambulance Work. HISTORICAL AND LOAN SECTIONS. GALLERY OF FIRE PICTURES AND FIRE RELICS, etc.

ANCIENT FIRE ENGINES, DATING FROM 1600, etc. In the EMPRESS THEATRE. “FIGHTING THE FLAMES.” Historical Procession of Fire Fighters and Appliances. Steamer Races. Pom-pier Escape and Ladder Drill. Quick Turn-out Competition. Great Conflagration Scene. Thrilling Episodes, Escapes and Rescues from Fire. No. Institution, but Stupendous Realism. TWICE DAILY, at 3.30 and 9 p.m. Thousands of Reserved Seats from 6d. to 1s. BAND OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS. BAND OF THE HONBLE ARTILLERY CO. LONDON EXHIBITIONS BAND. THE ASSOCIATION VILLAGE—150 Natives from the Nile. Circus Fagan.

THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON, 1666. The Marlinique—Survivors of Mont Pelée—A River of Fire Lava—Mountain Trip—Topsy-Turvy House—Spider’s Web—The Great Chute—Mange Mécanique—Marionette Theatre. THE GIANTIO WHEEL. Brilliant Illuminations at Night.

LONDON HIPPODROME, Cranbourne Street, Leicester Square, W.C. Managing Director, Mr. H. E. Moss. TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 7.45 p.m. An Entertainment of Unexampled Brilliance.

MOHAWK MOORE & BURGESS MINSTRELS, ST. JAMES’S HALL, PICCADILLY—EVERY EVENING at Eight. MATINEES: MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, SATURDAY, at Three. Easter Souvenirs all successes. 5s., 2s., 1s. Children Half-price. Seats booked at Whitehead’s, and all Libraries.

### DR. SCOTT’S PILLS

THE BEST FAMILY MEDICINE.

FOR Bilious and Liver Complaints, Indigestion, Wind, Spasms, Nervous Depression, Loss of Appetite, Irritability, Lassitude, Dyspepsia, Heartburn, Lowness of Spirits, Giddiness, etc.

Sold by all Chemists at 1/1 and 2/9. THE GENUINE ARE IN A SQUARE GREEN PACKAGE.

### TOO FAT.

Free for two penny stamps, a Sample of the most successful remedy ever found for reducing Superfluous Fat.—Address Managers, TAYLOR & CO., 149, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

### JUNO CYCLES

THE VERY BEST. Free Wheels, Bowden Brakes, New Departure Hubs, All Fittings. For CASH, 25 s. or 12 Monthly Payments of 10s. 10d. each Diamond same price. 25 different patterns. JUNO MOTOR CYCLE, £25, or 60/- with Trailer.

£2 5s. or 10s. 6d. monthly. Accessories at lower prices than any other house. Acetylene Lamp, 211; Celluloid Guards, 3-; Cycle Stand, 18; Motor Cycle Stand, 30, &c. Write for New Season’s List, 32 pages, 100 Illustrations, sent Post Free.—Metropolitan Machine Co., Ltd. (P. Dep.), 75, Bishopsgate St. Without, London, E.C.4; Piccadilly Circus, London, W.

### NO LANCING OR CUTTING

17 BURGESS LION OINTMENT is used. It cures Ulcers, Abscesses, Tumours, Wounds of all kinds. Thousands of Marvellous Testimonials. 30 Years in use. Of all Chemists, 1s. 1d. per box, or sent post free from E. BURGESS, 20, GRAY’S INN ROAD, W.C.

### A CLEAR COMPLEXION.

Pimples, Black Specks, Freckles, Sunburn, and unsightly blotches on the Face, Neck, Arms, and Hands, can be instantly removed by using Mrs. JAMES’S HERBAL OINTMENT, made entirely from herbs, and warranted harmless. It possesses a most delightful fragrance, and the lovely clearness it imparts to the skin astonishes everyone. Of most directions for use, sent with (testimonial and Chemists, 1s. 1d. or a box of it sent (with directions for use), free from observation, post free 15 stamps.—Mrs. C. JAMES, 268, Caledonian Road, Barnsbury, London, N.

HAIR DESTROYER.—JAMES’S Depilatory instantly and effectually removes superfluous hairs from the Face, Neck, or Arms, without injury to the skin. No lady should be without it. To be had of most Chemists, or a box of it sent (with directions), free from observation, post free 15 stamps.—Mrs. C. JAMES, 268, Caledonian Road, London, N.

LUXURIANT HAIR.—Long Flowing Eyebrows, Eyelashes, &c. are quickly produced by using JAMES’S HERBAL POMADE. It is most valuable for the production of whiskers, beard, and mustaches; it causes the hair to grow on bald places and scanty parts like magic. Of all Chemists, 1s. 1d. or a box of it sent (with directions for use), free from observation, post free 15 stamps.—Mrs. C. JAMES, 268, Caledonian Road, London, N.

1903 CYCLES (LADY’S AND GENT’S). Dutton Licensed Tyres, Free Wheels, Bowden Brakes, Plated Rims. £12 Sample, Carriage Paid to any Railway Station for Cash, 25 s. 6d. or 12 monthly payments of 10s. 10d. with order, and balance 80/- on its arrival. Easy Payments, 10/- with order, balance payable 4- 6/-, 8/-, 10/-, or 20/- monthly, until 60 s. has been paid, and 5/- extra cost booking. Agents (9 Dept.), BEREHAM RD. CYCLE CO., NORWICH.



### BUER’S PILES CURE

Gives instant relief. Cures in three or four days. 1s. 1d. Sold everywhere, or post free, plain cover, from BUER, Maidenhead, Berks.

### EVERYONE SHOULD READ THE ‘STOCK-KEEPER’

It is undoubtedly the leading authority on DOGS and POULTRY. It gives FREE the BEST ADVICE—Veterinary, Legal, Technical, General. It contains the most reliable Reports of Shows. It circulates all over the World, and as an Advertising Medium for the disposal of surplus stock is unequalled.

Price ONE PENNY Weekly. Order of your Newsagents or Railway Bookstalls.

FOR MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS THOUSANDS OF LADIES HAVE DERIVED GREAT BENEFIT FROM

### DR. DAVIS’S FAMOUS PILLS.

THEY ARE THE BEST-KNOWN REMEDY FOR ANÆMIA, GIDDINESS, LOSS OF APPETITE, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, FULLNESS AND SWELLING AFTER MEALS, HYSTERIA, DEBILITY, DEPRESSION, &c.

Boxes, 9d., 1s. 1d., 2s. 8d., and 4s. 6d. at all Chemists, or direct from the Proprietor, 309, Portobello Road, Notting Hill, London.

DR. DAVIS’S FAMOUS COUGH MIXTURE GIVES INSTANT RELIEF, AS PROVED BY HUNDREDS OF TESTIMONIALS.

BOTTLES, 2s. and 4s. 9d. POST FREE PAID.

### HERE’S MONEY.

SEND us your name and address, and you will receive Free on approval 24 of our Silver Aluminium 1903 Novelty Thimbles. Each one is prettily embossed with the inscription, “Remember Me.” Forget-me-not! They are lighter and tougher than silver, never tarnish, and will last a lifetime. One million sold already.

WE TRUST YOU—NO MONEY REQUIRED. Sell the thimbles at 2d. each, making 4/- altogether, which forward to us, and we will send you at once the Guaranteed Timekeeper or other Presents of High-class Jewellery you have earned, and which you can select from our list sent with the “Sell-at-Sight” Thimbles, and we will also tell you how you can make a regular income of £2 10s. per week. Write to-day and we send to-morrow. GOLD & CO., No. 165, The Watch House, Delamere Crescent, London, W.

### VARICOCELE.

Loss of Muscular Power, Vital Strength, and Nervous Debility speedily relieved or cured by HALE’S IMPROVED ELECTRIC BELT AND SUSPENSOR for Men. Two Guineas. No Metal Contact with Skin.

ELECTRIC BELT for ordinary complaints, ONE GUINEA. Pamphlets and Consultations Free. HALE & SON, Medical Galvanists, 105, REGENT STREET, W.

### CASES FOR BINDING

THE HALF-YEARLY VOLUME of the PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER. Price 2s. 1/- or by Parcel Post, 2s. 4d. Order through your Newsgassers. THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKEWTON, LTD., 198, Strand, London, W.C.

### A RING FREE.

Absolutely free for selling twelve packages of our celebrated *Canadian Cachous “Lu Lu”* at 3d. each, amounting to 3/-

NO MONEY REQUIRED.

Send us your name and address at once. On receipt of same we will send you a box of *CANADIAN CACHOUS “LU LU”* post free. You can sell it in an hour amongst your friends, and then send the money received to us, and we will send

you the ring or premium you select post free. You don’t invest a penny, and have no trouble in selling the Cachous. We give Watches and hundreds of other presents for selling larger quantities. Grand Premium List sent with each box. Send to-day.

DOMINION NOVELTY CO. (DEPT. 64), SOUTHAMPTON.

### VARICOCELE.

Every Man suffering from Varicocele and its consequent nervous exhaustion, speedily relieved and cured by the most advanced and rational method of treatment yet introduced. An Illustrated Circular, giving full particulars and testimonials showing successful cures, sent in a sealed envelope, post free 3 stamps. E. J. NORTON, 20 & 21, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON. W.C. Established over 30 years. Consultation Free.

### RUPTURE

Something entirely new for Sufferers, who need SUFFER no longer. A genuine remedy, within everybody’s reach. Send stamp for “How?” Box 54, 3, EARL ST., CARLISLE.

### 9 GUINEAS—AMERICAN ORGAN

(List Price, 20 Guineas). 11 Stops, including 2 Knee Stops and the beautiful Solo Stops, Vox Celeste and Vox Humans, Two-Octave Couplers, handsome high case; in use about four months, packing and carriage free both ways on approval; full price paid will be allowed within three years if exchanged for higher-class instrument.

D’ALMAINE AND CO. (Established 118 years), 91, Finsbury Pavement, E.C.

Open till 7 p.m. — Saturdays, 3 p.m.

### 15 GUINEAS PIANO.

“Duchess” Model by D’Almaine & Co. (Estd. 118 years), solid iron frame to top, upright grand (List Price 30 Guineas). Full Compass, Full Trichord, Celeste Action, &c.; in handsome carved case, 4 feet in height; in use only six months. Sent on approval, carriage free both ways to any part of the United Kingdom. Twenty years’ warranty; easy terms arranged; full price paid will be allowed if exchanged for a higher-class instrument within three years.

D’ALMAINE AND CO. (Established 118 years), 91, Finsbury Pavement, City. Open till 7 p.m. — Saturdays, 3 p.m.

### BORWICK’S

Makes the Sweetest Bread, Cakes & Pastry. The Best BAKING POWDER in the World

ESTABLISHED 1851.

### BIRKBECK BANK,

Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London. 2 1/2% DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS. 2 1/2% REPAYABLE ON DEMAND. 2 1/2% THE BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, post free. C. A. HAYESBROOK, Managing Director.

### FITS CURED.

From the first dose of OZERINE fits cease. It has cured permanently the very worst cases of Epilepsy when every other remedy had failed. Price 4/6 and 11/-, post free. Thousands of Testimonials. A Sample Bottle sent free if this Paper is mentioned. Test it. W. C. NICHOLL, Pharmaceutical Chemist, 25, High Street, Belfast.

### £7 19s. 6d. WORLD’S WONDER!

Free Wheel, Clincher Tyres, Plated Hollow Rims. Or at 10s. Monthly. BARGAINS IN SECOND-HAND CYCLES. Write for Free Price List.

BRITISH CYCLE MFG. CO. (1901) LTD. (M.A. Dept.) 1 & 3, Berry St., Liverpool. (Estd. 1887.)

### TOO STOUT

Those who are, can have FREE TRIAL of a remarkable home treatment that has reduced a lady from 17 st. to 10 st. 12 lb. Send no money, simply a stamped envelope to the FELL FORMULA ASSOCIATION, 25, Century House, Regent Street, London, W.

### NEW WATER-PAD ELASTIC TRUSS.

Dr. ALDEN’S Improved Truss for Rupture is as easy to wear as an old shoe. No need to suffer from steel trusses. Prices very reasonable. Send Penny Stamp for Descriptive Circular. Address—American Truss and



Belt Agency, 10, City Road, E.C. Mention Paper.

**ALFOSCO**  
**Allen Foster & Co.**  
SOLE MAKERS OF  
**THE 'ALFOSCO' COSTUMES**  
BUY DIRECT AT FIRST-COST FROM THE LEADING  
FIRM OF LONDON MANUFACTURERS.

Design No. 443.  
**10/6**  
NEW DESIGN FOR  
SPRING.

One of ALLEN FOSTER & Co.'s latest productions, and by far the cheapest and smartest Half-Guinea Costume on the market. Made in A. F. & Co.'s new Zibeline Cloth, a material with a silky surface and carrying a splash effect, or in either their Specialized Serge or Venetian Cloth, all colours. The Bodice is lined and made in the Russian style. New Collar and small Cape tastefully trimmed with braid. Well-finished Skirt trimmed round hips with braid. Very stylish. Price only **10/6**. Carriage extra. Skirt alone, **6/6**. Carriage 5d. When ordering please give bust measure under arms, size of waist and length of skirt in front. Satisfaction guaranteed.

WRITE FOR OUR  
**NEW SKETCH BOOK and Catalogue of Bargains.**  
Containing hundreds of Illustrations of Latest Novelties for the Spring Season. Sent with Patterns, post free. Call or write.

Costume Skirt, in good wearing Black and Navy Serge, trimmed two flounces and braid, lined throughout. Huenette. Price only **4/11**; carriage, 6d. In ordering, give length of skirt in front, and size of waist. Post orders receive prompt attention. Every lady should see Allen Foster & Co.'s New Illustrated Catalogue of Skirts, Blouses, Corsets, Underskirts, &c., sent post free.

**ALLEN FOSTER & CO.,**  
47, GOLDEN LANE, BARBICAN, LONDON, E.C.

**RIDGE'S**  
PATENT COOKED FOOD  
GIVES  
HEALTH!  
STRENGTH!!  
COMFORT!!!  
and  
Quiet  
Nights  
to All.

IS THE BEST

Send for Sample and Booklet, free from  
**RIDGE'S ROYAL FOOD MILLS, LONDON, N.**  
"Health" The Penny Illustrated Paper.

**FREE. CYCLES. FREE.**

Cycles, Motors, and Accessories direct from factory to rider. 3000 new and second-hand machines actually in stock, from 30s. each. R.S.A. and Eddie's machines. Marvellous bargains in Accessories. Free to any address. 80-page Catalogue. Eye-opener to all. 50 per cent. cheaper than others. Agents wanted.

**WARRILOW & CO., Weston-Super-Mare.**

**A REAL SILVER WATCH FOR 10/6**  
**2/- DEPOSIT SECURES IT.**  
NO FURTHER SECURITY REQUIRED.

Simply send your name, address, and occupation, and enclose 2s. P.O., also three penny stamps for postage. You can pay the balance at your leisure. These Ladies' and Gent's Watches are Real Silver, Government Stamped Cases, 3-plate, jewelled movement, and perfectly timed. Guaranteed 3 years. Positively a marvel at the price. Post to the Colonies and abroad 1s. extra.

**RAIG, CRAIG & Co.,**  
Dept. 21, 55, Bath St., Glasgow.

**THE 'COURT ROYAL.'**

Enormous demand for these beautiful Baby Cars. Prices from 35s. Buy direct at wholesale prices and save the shopkeeper's profit. Monthly Payments from 4s. Magnificent Catalogue.

**J. LLOYD COURTS & CO., Coventry.** Send P.P.P.

**H. SAMUEL'S**  
**15/6 "MARVEL" LEVER**  
**REAL SILVER**

SEND P.O. TO-DAY FOR  
**2/6 ONLY.**  
You will receive by return of post this splendid Watch on  
**7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.**

Thoroughly examine and test it before remitting balance, 13/-. On receipt of amount in full we send you a  
**MAGNIFICENT FREE GIFT**  
of a Handsome Bavarian (regd.) GOLD ALBERT, to which is attached a medal with shield for initials.

This Splendid Watch has Solid Massive Silver Cases, Finest Lever Movement, Accurately Timed and Adjusted, and Guaranteed to Stand the Hardest Wear. A Perfect Model of Elegance, Accuracy, and Durability. H. SAMUEL'S Price, 15/6.

Compare with Watches sold at Double the Price on Ordinary Retail Methods.

WRITE for the  
**BIG FREE PRIZE BOOK**  
200 Pages, 3000 Rich Engravings of Watches, Clocks, Rings, Cutlery, etc., at Lowest Factory Prices.  
**ONE-HALF SAVED!**  
**FREE GIFTS TO BUYERS.**  
Ten Lists to choose from.  
**H. SAMUEL** (Dept. Y), Market St., MANCHESTER.

THE  
**'DAINTY'**  
A Charming Real Silver Watch for Ladies. Handsomely Engraved Cases, Fine Movement.  
**10/6**  
ACCURATE AND DURABLE.  
H. SAMUEL'S PRICE, 10/6.  
Sent on Free Inspection on receipt of P.O. 2s. WORTH DOUBLE.

**MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS**  
(SOLO & ORCHESTRAL)  
of all kinds.  
**GRAMOPHONES, PHONOGRAPHS, MUSICAL BOXES, ORGANETTES &c.**

Send Postcard for  
**FREE CATALOGUE.**

Goods Sent on Approval.  
SPECIAL DEPARTMENT FOR  
**ORDERS BY POST.**  
**EXCEPTIONAL VALUE.**

**NOTED HOUSE FOR STRINGS.**  
**DOUGLAS & CO.,** 7t, SOUTH ST., FINCHURCH, LONDON, E.C.

**LUTAS LEATHLEY'S**  
THE LATEST NOVELTIES.  
From WAREHOUSE TO WEARER AT FIRST COST.

That is our offer; an offer which means that we are willing to supply you with the choicest products of the looms at prices 30 per cent. less than you would pay at any retail establishment. Our new Spring and Summer Patterns are the most remarkable selection we have ever sent out. Each and every fabric will bear the most critical inspection, and each and every price will bear the closest comparison. We are famous for good value, but never before have we equalled this year's offer. In quality, material, manufacture, patterns, shade, and finish, our 1903 Goods are absolutely and unquestionably superior to anything ever produced. Our Patterns are bound to surprise and please you. Do not delay in making your application; each year our best Patterns are quickly exhausted by the early orders of shrewd buyers. Write now. TO-DAY, and we will forward Patterns by return. POST FREE. ON APPROVAL. Also large Illustrated Price List of Underclothing and Household and Personal Articles.

A marvellous selection of over 100 varieties of Shirts, Tweeds, Coverts, Bordered Delaines, Silk and Wool Fancies, Zephyrs, Chene, Mercatons, Fancy Muslins, Cotton Delaines, Voiles, and a host of charming Blouse Fabrics, Wool Coating Serges, Coloured Cashmeres, Plain and Fancy Zephyrs, &c., all at marvellous prices. Cream Materials and Black Fabrics in great variety.

REMARK: Patterns: Dress 2/- and 10/-, Prints 3/11, Blouse 7/3, Calico 3/2. All Orders Carriage Paid.  
**LUTAS LEATHLEY, Dept. 68, The Warehouse, ARMLEY, LEEDS.**

**SPRING & SUMMER FABRICS**

**Clarke's Blood Mixture**  
THE WORLD-FAMED BLOOD PURIFIER AND RESTORER

Is warranted to Cleanse the Blood from all Impurities from whatever cause arising. For Eczema, Scurfy, Scrofula, Bad Legs, Boils, Glandular Swellings, Skin and Blood Diseases, Blisters, Spots, Pimples, and Sores of all kinds. Its Effects are marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the CAUSE from the Blood and Bones.

"As this Mixture is pleasant to the taste and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, from infancy to old age, the Proprietors solicit sufferers to give it a trial to test its value."

Clarke's Blood Mixture is sold by all Chemists throughout the world. Price 2s. 9d. and 11s. per bottle.

Thousands of Testimonials of Wonderful Cures from all parts of the World.

**15/- FOR ROOKS, PIGEONS, RABBITS**

Single-Barrel, Hammerless, Breech-loading Shot Guns, converted from Government Rifles, and fitted to take the ordinary No. 12 Central Fire shot-cartridges; specially bored by an improved process for long-distance shooting, 15/- each. Best quality, with self-ejecting action and pistol grip stock. 20/- Cartridges, 6-100. Double-barrel Breech-loaders, from 25/- Air Guns, 12/- Walking Stick Guns, 12/6. Revolvers from 4/- Send 3 stamps for Price List. **MIDLAND RIFLE CO., VESEY ST., BIRMINGHAM.**

**BOWDEN BRAKE**  
BEST FOR BICYCLES

**JAY'S FURNISHING STORES**  
ARE RECORD FURNISHERS.  
WE ARE THE MANUFACTURERS,  
and save ALL MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS.

**£5 WORTH (Fifty Payments) 2/- MONTHLY**

£10 worth... 4/- monthly... £20 worth... 16/- monthly  
£20 " " 8/- " " £30 " " 24/- " "  
£30 " " 12/- " " £100 to £500 on same terms.

Illustrated Catalogue gratis and delivery free.

**JAY'S FURNISHING STORES:**  
345, KENTISH TOWN ROAD, N.W.  
225, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ROAD, S.E.  
HARLESDEN: 7, HIGH STREET, N.W.  
CRICKLEWOOD: 1, OAKLAND TERRACE, N.W.  
PADDINGTON: 219, SHIRLAND ROAD, W.  
WATFORD: 12 & 15, THE PARADE, HIGH ST.

**VARICOCELE.**

Every man suffering from Varicocele and the allied troubles should send for Treatise, describing its Causes, Symptoms, Results, and Successful and Painless Treatment, without surgical operation or the use of cumbersome trusses and electrical appliances. Sent sealed, post free, two stamps.—C. A. MURRAY, 7, Southampton Row, London, W.C.

**WORLD'S BEST AGENCY.**  
**Calcott & XL**

Free-wheel, £10 10s.  
Featherweight, £15 15s.  
or Gradual Payment Terms.  
Models to suit all Riders.

**Calcott Bros., Ltd.,**  
XL Cycle Works, Coventry.  
London Offices & Showrooms, 78, Newgate St.

**Weak Men.**

Mention this Paper.  
**ELECTRIC BELT.**  
The most Scientific Electrical Appliance ever made. Drugs do not cure. This Belt does. Send stamp, (any sort) for "BOOKLET No. 2." Write to-day.

**PIERCE ELECTRIC CO.,** 10, City Rd., London, E.C.  
(Also New York, San Francisco, and Sydney.)

**HARBY'S BROMPTON CONSUMPTION AND COUGH SPECIFIC**

Gives instant relief and certain cure in all chest and lung complaints, &c. Highly recommended by the medical profession. Prepared only by GEO. HARBY, late of the BROMPTON Hospital, Dept.-6, Gray's Inn Road, W.C. Of all chemists, price 1/11 2/6, 4/6, 11/-.

**Hardy's Brompton Cough Lozenges** in boxes only, never sold loose, 1/11.

Established nearly a Century at Brompton.

**CHAMPION CYCLES.**  
Order direct at Wholesale Price. Fitted complete with Clincher Tyres, Plated Rims, New Departure Free Wheel and Back Pedal. Brake—Front Rim Brake, **£5 10s.** Wholesale Lists free.—**CHAMPION CYCLE CO.,** Sheffield.

**TO THE DEAF.**

A Gentleman who cured himself of Deafness and Noises in the Head, after fourteen years' suffering, will gladly send full particulars of the remedy post free. Address—  
**T. CLIFTON,**  
12, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W.C.

**FREE BOOK FOR WEAK MEN.**

Write to-day for our book, "STRENGTH." It is sent free to men suffering from debility, who are run down and lack vigour as a result of mental overwork and other excesses. It contains much valuable information, and fully describes the

**DR. SANDEN ELECTRIC HERCULEX**  
the world's greatest home self-treatment by Electricity. This wonderful appliance builds up and strengthens in Nature's own way. Worn comfortably about the waist at night, it sends a pleasant, soothing, strength-giving current of perceptible electricity through the system, curing while you sleep.

Write to-day for book, or call personally at our establishment; examine Herculex and test current. No charge for consultation.

**THE DR. H. SANDEN CO.,**  
15, Hanover St., Regent St., London, W.

**A WONDERFUL OFFER**  
A BOHEMIAN  
BARNET BRACE-  
LET FREE; easy  
conditions. Send  
1/- and receive  
by return one of  
my popular Gold  
Wire Brooches,  
any name re-  
quired. Also, an  
advertisement,  
imaging giving  
my customers the Bracelet absolutely Free. Send to day.

**E. P. HARRIS,**  
The Original Wire King,  
BLACKPOOL, LANCs.

**Celancine**  
CERTAIN  
CURE FOR CORNS.

Removes Corns by the Roots in a week when other Remedies fail. Easily applied. Worn with the tightest boot. Thousands of Testimonials. Bottles, 1s. each. Post Free, 14 Stamps, from CHAVE and JACKSON, Chemists, Hereford. Agents everywhere. Refuse imitations.

E. Hurrell, Esq., Boreham, Chelmsford, writes—  
"CELANCINE" removed my corns without the slightest pain. I have since cured eight men in my employ."

**Think this Means!**

48 pages of interesting reading matter about bicycles sent to you post free. Write now.  
**B.S.A. Co., Ltd., Birmingham.**

**DRUNKENNESS CURED**

It is now within reach of Every Woman to Save the Drunkard. Free Trial Package of a Marvellous Home Remedy Posted to All Who Write for it.

Can be given in Tea, Coffee, or Food, thus absolutely and secretly curing the Patient in a Short Time without his knowledge.

There is a cure for Drunkenness which has shed a radiance into thousands of hitherto desolate firesides. It does its work so silently and surely that while the devoted wife, sister, or daughter looks on, the drunkard is reclaimed even against his will and without his knowledge or co-operation. The Company who have this grand remedy will send a sample free to all who will write for it. Enough of this remedy is posted in this way to show how it is used in tea, coffee, or food, and that it will cure the dreaded habit quietly and permanently.

**Weak Men.**

A lady residing in Manchester used the remedy as described above, and her experience, told in her own words, will quite likely interest all women deeply. Mrs. — says: "Yes, I used Antidipno without my husband's knowledge, and completely cured him. He was a hard drinker, a good man when sober, but for years I lived in fear and dread, shame and despair, poverty and disgrace. How shall I tell other women about it? Is it not a wonderful thing that a woman can take matters in her own hands and stamp out this dreadful curse to the home? I am glad you are going to publish my experience, for then I know it will reach hundreds of other poor souls, and they will cure their husbands just as I cured mine. I am so grateful for the marvellous changes that have come into my life that I just feel I would do anything to let every wife and mother know what a blessing Antidipno is. I honestly believe it will cure any drunkard, no matter how far down he may have fallen.—Faithfully yours, (Mrs.) —"

(Full address sent to bona-fide applicants.)

Hundreds of others are reported, even the worst cases, where the habit seems to have blotted out the last remaining spark of self-respect. Tears and prayers are of no use. Pirating, pledges, loans of social or business position are unavailing to stem the tide of absolute depravity.

This famous remedy has re-united thousands of scattered families; it has saved thousands of men to social and business prominence and public respect; it has guided many a young man into the right road to fortune; it has saved the father, the brother, the son, and in many cases the wife and daughter too. Such a godsend to the home should be known to everyone. Upon application to the WARRIOR MEDICAL CO., 30, Century House, Regent Street, London, W., they will post a free package of the remedy to you, securely sealed in a plain wrapper, also full directions how to use it. books, testimonials from hundreds who have been cured, and everything needed to aid you in saving those near and dear to you from a life of degradation and ultimate poverty and disgrace. Send for a free trial to-day. It will brighten the rest of your life.

**SENT ON APPROVAL**  
Ten Days Free Trial is allowed on every cycle we sell and the full price with all carriage charges refunded if unsatisfactory. 1903 Models

**£3.10 to £6.10**  
New Departure Coaster Brake Front Rim Brake and highest grade genuine British made fittings and accessories.

**200 Good Second-Hand Cycles** from £1.10 to £2.10. **Don't Fail to get our big illustrated catalogue before deciding on your 1903 machine. We save you money.**

**Kider Agents Wanted in every district to buy sample at special price and take orders for us. Large profits easily made in spare time. Address Dept. 350.**

**MEAD CYCLE CO., Liverpool.**

**BLUSHING.**

This miserable habit permanently cured in a few days. For either sex, sample of this strictly private, confidential, harmless and inexpensive remedy sent for two stamps.—Address Managers, TAYLOR & CO., 149, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

**KEARSLEY'S 100 YEARS REPUTATION**  
**WIDOW WELCH'S FEMALE PILLS**

Cure all obstructions, irregularities, anæmia, and all female complaints. Contains no irritant, have approval of Medical Profession. Beware of imitations. Boxes 1s. 1/6 and 2s. 9d. of all Chemists. The 2s. 9d. Box contains three times the number of Pills. (See White Wrapper.) Sold in the Colonies.



SOFTENS HARD WATER.  
 SOOTHES THE SKIN.  
 A GOOD HAIRWASH.  
 A LUXURY IN THE BATH.  
 A PURE PREPARATION.

**LUX**  
**PURIFYING and REFRESHING.**  
 A unique Washing Preparation made in the form of Flakes or Wafers.  
**LUX LIGHTENS LABOUR.**  
 SOLD BY ALL GROCERS AND OILMEN.

LEVER BROTHERS, LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT, CHESHIRE.

FOR THE BATH.  
 FOR THE TOILET.  
 FOR SHAMPOOING.  
 FOR LACE AND HOSIERY.  
 FOR FLANNELS AND WOOLLENS.